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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

It would appear that there has been a certain transference of Republican outrages from Ireland to England, and at Liverpool a tract of factories has been burned in revenge for the destruction of the creameries. No other serious attempts on life or property in this country have been made, whether because of the precautions taken, or because they were not in the plan, we cannot tell. Also a body of auxiliaries was ambushed on a country road near Cork, and ruthlessly wiped out. On the Government side the blows struck have chiefly been directed at the suppression of Irish opinion. Mr. Arthur Griffith, the leader of political Sinn Fein, has been arrested and "interned," with other members of the Irish Parliamentary group, while masked forces of the Crown have fired and practically destroyed the commercial offices of the historic Nationalist (not Sinn Fein) newspaper, the "Freeman's Journal," and held up the adjoining office of the "Irish Times," the famous organ of Irish Unionism (the editor is the Dublin correspondent of the "Times"), with orders to the staff to disclose nothing of the doings of the band. The outrage seems to have caused some embarrassment on the part of the police, for it forced the agents of the Crown to enact a Box-and-Cox arrangement, under which one party set the "Freeman" offices alight, while another—the real Dublin police—presently emerged and tried to put the fires out. A third contingent (or was it the first?) concentrated its mind on firing at the fire brigade. The "Freeman's Journal" charges the Government with suppressing, or trying to suppress, by bombs and arson, the following Nationalist or Sinn Fein journals:—

- "The Munster News."
- "The Leitrim Observer."
- "The Nenagh Guardian."
- "The Kerry News."
- "The Liberator" (Kerry).
- "The Newcastle West Observer."
- "The Galway Express."
- "The Kerry Sentinel."
- "The Westmeath Independent."
- "The Southern Star."
- "The Enniscorthy Echo."

Mr. Asquith delivered to a meeting of the National Liberal Federation at Bradford an indictment of the infamies of Irish government so scathing and so powerful that the greater part of the Government Press (there were honorable exceptions) virtually suppressed it, a proceeding as dangerous and dishonorable as anything that we recall in the history of British journalism. For some reason or other the "Times" joined this boycott, or half-boycott, and thereby committed an offence against the rights of the public it serves. Mr. Asquith denounced the policy of suppressing "crime by crime, murder by murder," and said of Sir Hamar Greenwood's threat to burn Irish creameries possessing a manager in the Republican army, that such doctrine was worse than any preached in the worst days of Lord North. He repeated his offer of Dominion Home Rule, with the condition that any naval force raised in Ireland should be auxiliary to the Royal Navy and under its control. The Federation meetings showed extraordinary enthusiasm, and, as is usual in revival services, a collection was "taken up" in the Hall, and realized over £4,000. That is the path to the re-birth of Liberalism.

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THE Prime Minister's habit of making perorations serve for argument does not seem to have impressed the members of the Federation of British Industries, who dined with him on Tuesday night. In effect, British industries want the Government (1) to abolish E.P.D.; (2) to cut down the Budget to about nine hundred millions; (3) to recognize that the limit of taxation has been reached, and to reduce it. Mr. George fled from all these propositions, covered in a shower of metaphors. He pleaded the universal impecuniosity that his peace has brought about. Europe, he said, was standing in front of our shop in rags and could not buy. All that Mr. George proposes to do, judging by his Dyes Bill, is to drive the customer from the shop the moment he presents himself with the means of purchase. Of rather more pronounced fatuity was his complaint that men were going about Europe "with petrol tins" and "starting fresh fires." Well, Mr. George has the most distinguished and active of these *pétroleurs* in his intimate company, a man who has lighted more "fires" in Europe than all the Sinn Fein agents put together, and scattered many more millions than E.P.D. will ever pick up. Let him get rid of Mr. Churchill, and then he can speak with peace-makers without opening himself to the complaint of talking cheap humbug. As for economy, Mr. George promised nothing whatever. He denounced private waste, which has practically ceased from inability to buy, and he failed to give a single definite pledge of public thrift on the part of a Government which, as he spoke, had just issued a Supplementary Estimate of ten millions in addition to twenty more, all asked for since the last Budget.

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THE Assembly of the League at Geneva is certainly developing a corporate spirit, and in some directions is asserting itself. Spurred by its criticisms, the Council has, apparently, found in President Wilson a Power

willing to negotiate (or mediate) with the Turks in favor of the Armenians. We are not sanguine of the result, for the Turks, though they may be willing enough to evacuate Armenia on terms, will certainly ask for something—Smyrna, for example, or part of Thrace—which Mr. Wilson cannot give them. The Assembly, meanwhile, by its Committee, is turning to Dr. Nansen's solution, the creation of a paid army, for which the States adhering to the League will be asked to find £5,000,000. They failed to raise £2,000,000 to combat typhus in Poland, a much less contentious measure of humanity. One fears that the real weakness of the Assembly lies in the fact that the delegates do not speak for their Governments, and some, like Mr. Barnes and M. Lafontaine of Belgium, are evidently much in advance of their Cabinets. Meanwhile, the Soviet Government is making a genuine effort on its own account to save the Armenians, and has given them help of one kind or another, which has enabled them to retake Kars. If the League does belatedly raise an army, one hopes it will not turn out to be a covert means of renewing the war with Russia.

On the Vilna question, the League is acting, and its action may create a very interesting precedent. It is improvising a little army of its own, composed of a few companies of Belgians, Swedes, and Spaniards, who are to occupy the contested portion of Lithuania, while a *plébiscite* is held. We hope this means that General Zeligowski's raiding force of Poles will first be expelled, though the League's force does not look adequate for such a purpose. A vote, with the Polish army looking on, would be a farce discreditable to the League. Meanwhile, on Lord Robert Cecil's initiative, the decision has been taken to create a general staff for the League, both naval and military, which is rather ominously described as a permanent Blockade Commission. This may look like action. But a League which cannot raise a fund to fight typhus, and has wholly failed even to envisage its proper work of sharing out the world's raw materials, which has, in short, done no constructive work to endear itself to mankind, should beware of fixing itself in the imagination of the Continent as a body designed to organize hunger. And whom will it blockade? Not Poland, however many wars she makes. Not France and Belgium, when they defy it and break the Covenant by a secret military treaty. And yet the faith in blockades breaks down. Even M. Leygues has just told the Chamber's Foreign Affairs Committee that he is against the Russian blockade, will encourage French merchants to trade with Russia, and will even allow them to accept her gold. The League, which cannot as yet do much, might organize something more beneficent than blockades.

A CORRESPONDENT from Geneva sends us an interesting *aperçu* of the personalities who govern the meetings of the Assembly:—

"The natural leaders have come to the front already, and on the question of whether they will ultimately resolve themselves into one group, or two or three, the course of events at Geneva may largely depend. Lord Robert Cecil early pushed out of the ruck. His seat, which happens to be in the front row, is the objective of constant little excursions, usually on the part of Dr. Nansen and M. Branting, from the Scandinavian benches, and Mr. Newton Rowell, the ablest of the Canadian delegates, is generally ready to row in the same boat. The British representatives, detached but in general sympathy, can be reckoned in the same group, though Mr. Balfour may now to some extent affect their orientation.

"Over against the Cecil group must be set the French delegation and its *clientèle*. On the French

benches MM. Bourgeois, Viviani, and Hanotaux preserve what, if appearances are any true guide, must be regarded as an attitude of apprehensive neutrality. Between them and his own seat Signor Tittoni, the chief Italian delegate, comes and goes. Signor Tittoni is one of the dark horses of the Assembly. He is constantly on the tribune. He was chosen as the unofficial defender of the Council against the criticisms of Mr. Barnes, Mr. Rowell, and others. His outlook is for the most part progressive. He has spoken unequivocally in favor of the admission of all nations to the League. On the other hand, he has laid down a doctrine which militates against the whole conception of the League as an effective body—viz., that members of the Council were not mouthpieces of their Governments or their countries, but as magistrates called on to execute justice."

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And this on disarmament:—

"Armaments is going to be one of the test issues of the Assembly. A strong commission is examining it, and competent naval and military experts are here to give advice. The poison-gas question tends to recede from the front of the stage, the view being increasingly held that it is not practically possible to check the manufacture of gas, and that in any case undue emphasis can be laid on this particular weapon, which it is alleged, as a matter of ascertained fact, causes casualties less numerous and less acute than high explosive. The thesis that the primary function of the League is not to humanize war, but to eliminate it, is on a good many lips, and at the same time the old French proposal for an international force, or at any rate an international general staff, has emerged once more. But that some attempt will be made to move definitely in the direction of an actual reduction of armaments is certain, though the non-participation of America in the discussions raises almost insuperable difficulties, particularly in regard to a naval understanding."

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We observe that with some embarrassment the "Times," the hammer of the Government on economy, is beginning to draw it into a great, new shipbuilding programme. The new "danger front" is an American-Japanese combination—about as likely an alliance as that of France and Germany in 1914—the "danger date" is the battle of Jutland. Of post-Jutland capital ships America will, about 1925, possess twelve, while a little later Japan will have sixteen. We, alas, have not one. So we are sinking to the position of the third naval power. So wake up, England, once more! We only spend a hundred millions a year on the Navy, and what is that when we are matched with sleepless Americans and Japs? We expect that before this new madness takes hold, the question of disarmament in the Pacific and the Atlantic will be raised both in the League of Nations and in every one of the three Cabinets concerned. Otherwise, the resources of civilization are not exhausted, and the peoples will speak for themselves.

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The meetings in London between Mr. Lloyd George, M. Leygues and Count Sforza seem to be reaching tame, if sensible, conclusions in the Greek question. Not only will nothing be done to interfere with King Constantine's return, but even the milder of the French proposals have been rejected. There will not be any attempt to penalize Greece financially (a measure which would have favored German trade), nor will the Treaty of Sévres be revised, nor will Greece be deprived of her acquisitions. The suggestion is that the Powers will content themselves by seeking certain guarantees from the King, for example a promise that he will not form alliances without their consent. A veto will also be placed on the suggested removal of the Kaiser to his villa in Corfu, though we should have supposed that at this distance from Germany he would have been less dangerous (if he can be dangerous) than in Holland. All this is very

moderate and safe, but it does not tell us how Lord Curzon is going to get his impossible Turkish Treaty enforced.

PERHAPS Lord Curzon reckons on the military ardor of the King, whose destiny in the popular mind is to lead the Greek army into Constantinople. If so, he is better informed than the French, who predicted that the army would go to pieces under its idolized chief. The real objections to the Turkish Treaty are independent of the rival personalities of the King and M. Venizelos, and they turn on the racial question in Thrace, or whether it is wise to put any Balkan Power in control of the North shore of the Dardanelles, whether the Hinterland of Smyrna is not racially a Turkish district, and whether Greece (whoever be her king) is capable of bearing the tremendous military strain of this immense expansion over alien peoples. Apparently, none of these vital questions is going to be raised. Unfortunately, it does not follow that the world gains when a bad Treaty is not enforced. The result is apt to be anarchy.

GENERAL SMUTS has taken the decision to go promptly to the country on the straight issue for or against secession from the Empire. The election will be held in February, which is less than a year since the last contest, when an unworkable Chamber was returned. We imagine that General Smuts had no choice, and has adopted the only constitutional course. His majority at present is not adequate, and he has, since the last election, brought about a new political grouping. His own South African Party is fusing with the Unionists to form a Centre Party, composed of both races. It is not the only inter-racial party, for the younger Boers are now seeking employment in the mines, both as engineers and workmen, as they never did before, and the Labor Party, in consequence, tends also to be international. The future lies, we should say, with these two Anglo-Dutch parties, divided on economic questions. A party of backveldt Boers, based on racial politics and memories better buried, would be unthinkable as a governing instrument for a modern Commonwealth.

THE strike of twenty thousand woodworkers in the shipyards is not only in itself a serious event, but it portends a recrudescence of widespread industrial trouble. The strike, which is effective in all the important ship-building centres, has followed the announcement of the employers that they intended to withdraw an increase of 12s. per week conceded in the spring. This is merely another way of saying that a policy of reducing wages, as one means of meeting the crisis due to falling trade, has been decided upon. It is variously explained as a protective measure, and as merely a device for discouraging new demands for increased wages. Employers in the building and hosiery trades are also credited with the purpose of reducing wages, and from time to time a similar movement has been discussed in the engineering industry. Frank defenders of the policy do not try to hide the fact that a period of serious unemployment has been chosen as favorable to the employers, yet the circumstance that in the aggregate little, if any, relief in prices is experienced by the workers, makes it inevitable that attempts to lower wages will be resisted by strikes, which can only increase the difficulties of the time. Another evil effect is that the minds of workers are drawn away from the real causes of the trade slump, which cannot be remedied while the strangulation policy continues in Central Europe and Russia.

WE hope that public opinion will be closely concentrated on the disclosures which appear in Mr. Bernard Baruch's book, "The Making of the Reparation and Economic Sections of the Treaty" [of Versailles]. Mr. Baruch was a member of the Commission of Reparation established in Paris last year, and knows what he is talking about. The most vital of his revelations is that when Mr. Wilson was returning to Paris on the "Washington" the American delegation informed him by wireless of the Allied proposals to load the indemnities. The President replied that the American delegation would dissent, and if necessary *dissent publicly*, from a procedure which "is clearly inconsistent with what we deliberately led the enemy to expect and cannot honorably alter now that we have the power"—in other words, that America would not assent to a gross breach of international faith.

THIS unexpected stand of the President's put Messrs. George, Clemenceau, and Company in a quandary. They were obliged formally to assent to the American demand that Germany's obligations should be based on a fair construction of the Fourteen Points, and that such a construction forbade the Allies to impose on her the costs of the war, and limited the charge to actual damages. The problem therefore was—How to stretch damage to the utmost extent possible? Incidentally, France got much the worse of the following transaction, for under the American plan she would have got—as she was fully entitled to get—43 per cent. of the payments, while under the original British scheme (since modified) she only got 24 per cent. But how was the American plea for good faith evaded? We are sorry to say that General Smuts was induced to draw up a memorandum including pensions and separation allowances in the categories of damage. This request, says Mr. Baruch, "won the unanimous approval" of the Big Five. Naturally; for it squared the French, and gave Mr. George a colorable substitute for his electioneering pledges. None the less it was a political as well as a moral disaster.

CANON TEMPLE's acceptance of the See of Manchester is perhaps the most interesting appointment in Anglicanism since Stanley's Deanery of Westminster. The Labor Party has thus produced a second Bishop (Percival was a Liberal rather than a Labor man, and Gore was a Catholic Socialist). Will the devouring cares of a great northern diocese blunt his ideas and cool his zeal for democracy? Canon Temple is an able and an intelligent man; and though his temperament is neither ardent nor mystical, it has developed much right-mindedness and a real feeling for the needs of the times. Moreover, the Anglican Church, marching with the hour, is more sympathetic to change than is the leadership of Nonconformity, which of late years has grown both timid and unspiritual. Manchester, too, will suit Temple well—he is a man of action—and will fit in with its progressive, and a little, too, with its material, spirit, and his experience there will be a good training for a possible Primacy. His danger will be—policy. It is easy for an Anglican Bishop to live up to a certain standard of liberalism, and yet to fall well short of the leadership of men.

WE record to-day the welcome fact that Nonconformity has at last woke up on the subject of Irish "reprisals." A meeting of protest is to be held on December 14th in Kingsway Hall, Mr. Walter Runciman in the chair.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE FAILURE.

"DOMESTIC fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;  
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Atë by his side come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial."

—Julius Cæsar to Date.

"Between the nether and upper millstones the law-abiding population—that is the great majority of the people of Ireland—are ground to powder. They live a life of panic. They have become a nation of whisperers. No man can trust his neighbor unless he is an intimate friend. At any moment the dreadful hammering at the door may come, and then no power on earth can keep the door closed. . . . No one can go to bed at night without the feeling that armed men may walk into his bedroom in the hours of darkness. . . . Every night thousands of people sleep in fields, under hedges or haystacks, because they dare not sleep at home."—*The Special Correspondent of the "Times" in Ireland.*

THE Prime Minister of England lives behind a barricade. The House of Commons excludes strangers from its deliberations, and sat last Monday in expectation of a second Gunpowder Plot. Three-quarters of a million's worth of property have been destroyed by arson in Liverpool. A party of seventeen British auxiliaries has been ambushed and wiped out on an Irish road. Fourteen British officers, employed either in the intelligence service or on court-martials, have been slain in their homes, unprotected and unwarmed by the Government that employed them. This is the existing measure of the success of a policy which, by the short, sharp shock of general fear, was to restore peace to rebel Ireland. The Terror is there, but the Triumph waits. Whatever may have happened to the civil population of Ireland, it is clear that the revolutionaries are not terrified. On the contrary, they have carried the Anglo-Irish "war" into the "enemy's" country. By attacking our great commercial stores and centres they doubtless reckon on repeating and intensifying the damage which our soldiers and police have inflicted on a leading Irish agricultural industry. The Liverpool outrage is obviously a reprisal for the destruction of the creameries; and the calculation is that as Ireland is bound to suffer most in her social life from the British Terror, the Irish Terror shall strike where it can inflict most damage on our richer and more highly organized economic structure. The calculation is false. England will not be intimidated, and to carry reprisals to her doors is to knock the bottom out of the argument against them in Ireland. We oppose reprisals in Ireland because they embitter feeling and impede a settlement. Why should they have a different effect in England?

It is not, we believe, a mere coincidence that this act of exasperation has followed the arrest of Mr. Griffith and Professor MacNeill. Mr. George, or Mr. George's Irish agents, seem resolved to repress every force engaged in the Anglo-Irish quarrel that might look or help towards peace. He would not even receive the Irish moderates. He has now put under lock and key the leader of political Sinn Féin. Where, then, is he to stop? He will find that Anarchy is a breeder of Anarchy, as Sin of Death. It is an undesigned effect of the complete

unsettlement of Ireland, which his agents promote, that more and more young men are being daily deprived of their livelihood, driven into the streets and countrysides, and reduced by poverty no less than by will, to strike at the hand that has struck them down. To these inevitable physical and social evils of the Terror we must add its effect on the psychology of Ireland. The hatred which rises like an exhalation from such deeds as the massacre of the innocents in Croke Park, and from the thousand lesser acts of license by our *condottieri*, deepens the wounds that England suffers in her own conscience and international character for every hour that she gives Ireland up to rapine. There can be no British "victory" in such a fight. You cannot "win" a war on women and children, or on football crowds, or even on a little nation, however difficult or perverse, for in these days she simply stands up against you and testifies. Mr. George has to face, not the Ireland of the three provinces, but the Ireland of America and the Dominions, the Ireland of the cinema and the platform, and the popular newspaper.

It is before the world-tribunal that this Irish advocacy sets up that British rule in Ireland has to come, and, when judgment is given, government by famine, which the Ministry now propose, will avail them no more than government by *pétroleurs*. We rejoice, therefore, that the Labor deputation has now arrived at Dublin, so that we shall at least have either an exposure of the whole truth or some mitigation, not, indeed, on the count of Terrorism—for that is the whole intention and meaning of the George-Greenwood policy—but of some specially abominable incidents. On two of them we have a word to say. The first is the shooting of three Sinn Féin prisoners in a guard-room attached to Dublin Castle, whither they had for some reason been removed from the Bridewell. The official account has made two general assertions in regard to these men. The first is that all were officers of the Republican army. In the case of Clune, after the detailed statement by Mr. Lysaght—a man of unimpeachable integrity—this may be assumed to be false. Clune was clearly an innocent servant of the Co-operative Society to which he was attached, and he has been wrongfully done to death. The second official assertion—that these men were shot while attempting to escape—is open to grave suspicion. The phrase has been used to explain the shooting of at least nine prisoners, and, considering the character of the Cadets or the Black-and-Tans, it cannot pass on any word of theirs or of Sir Hamar Greenwood, their chief and patron in Parliament. In the Exchange Court case, it is next door to incredible. The public is asked to believe that at least two desperate Republicans were left in a guard-room, with rifles, ammunition, and bombs within their reach, they being unfettered and very lightly guarded. The bombs were not detonated. Is it credible that, taking them for live bombs, these men would have thrown them in a confined space, when their explosion would have meant their own instant death, and when there were also loaded rifles at hand? Or that with rifles, at least one of which was admittedly fired at close quarters, not one of their guards was scratched? Or that if these men were shot in self-defence one would have received, as the official inquiry admits, nine bullet wounds and another eight? If these things are as the officials would have us believe, they happen in Ireland as they happen nowhere else on earth.

We turn to the massacre in Croke Park, and we note again that its authors are on their defence, and that the

\* This is the official figure. We understand that an examination of Clune's body by Mr. Lysaght showed seven or eight marks of entrance wounds.



inevitable first thought about their action is that it was designed as a reprisal for the murders of the officers on the same Sunday morning. Again, not a man of them was touched by the alleged firing of the Republican "pickets," none of whom, it seems, were arrested. Even if this were a true account—and a cloud of witnesses deny it—the descent of a great force of undisciplined, armed men on a holiday crowd remains inexcusable, and is clearly accountable for the tragedy. But it passes belief. The official story says that the firing of the pickets was returned, and that casualties were thus caused to the crowd inside the park. But how could fire *outside* an enclosure protected by high walls kill and wound the men, women, and children inside it, and occupying positions on the level or the lower parts of the park, *including one of the players*? The obvious truth is that the firing went on from *inside*, for it alone accounts for the casualties; and on this point the evidence is abundant. Our own correspondent adds his quota in the shape of a conversation with a player in the Dublin team:—

"He tells me that about the time of the firing the game was away from his quarter, and that he was in a position to watch things generally. He saw the aeroplane come, flying very low, and then saw and heard the discharge of a shot from it. He says he is prepared to swear to this. Immediately afterwards firing was directed on the crowd from one side, and a few seconds afterwards from two sides of the ground. He said he heard machine-gun fire for two or three seconds. He says positively that there were no shots from the crowd or 'pickets,' and that there could not have been shots fired without his hearing them. My wife had also been told earlier from eye-witnesses of the shot from the aeroplane. People assumed that it was a signal to proceed with the work."

We have thus described, in two typical examples, what may be called the moral indictment of Governmental action in Ireland. But if that must needs be severe, the political case against it is absolutely crushing. All has been in vain. The theory on which Mr. George let Hell loose in Ireland was that there would ensue a short and sharp period of repression, and that then the Republican outrages would cease. Now that instead of one tide of crime swamping another, the two floods have risen breast-high, what does the Government propose to do? Make Ireland a desert and an abode of famine, and England a ground of outrage and horror? We trust not. The best course of all would be to resign, and to give civilization a chance. We dare aver that at least two Governments could be formed to-morrow on the basis of peace with Ireland, and with the reasonable certainty of attaining it. The Labor Party could form one. The Liberals and the free Conservatives and Irish Unionists could make another. The Archbishop of Canterbury could, if necessary, head the Bench of Bishops and strike a truce with Cardinal Logue and his clergy and the Irish Protestant hierarchy, to which a commanding force of Irish opinion would rally at once and grow until it stood for the great majority of the nation. Any body of public men with the fear of God and a love of their fellow-creatures in their hearts could, in the existing state of public opinion, wipe out this fearful chapter in Anglo-Irish history, and build a new relationship on the blessings of the two peoples. The young Prince of Wales could go to Ireland with an olive-branch in his hand, without the fear that a hair of his head would be injured. But if Mr. George clings to power, though he cannot use it, even he, rank as is his offence, can make the *mêlée* to cease, by arranging a simultaneous withdrawal, within a specified time, of the two bands of combatants. We indicated weeks ago how this could be brought about. To-day, the same instruments are ready to the Prime

Minister's hand. He has now gone back a generation in Irish agitation, and put Mr. Griffith in the place of Parnell. But if Kilmainham Gaol can be refitted for the new Irish Parnell, so can the Kilmainham Treaty. There is an Irish Parliament in being; there are still men ready to form, on conditions, an Irish Constitutional Party, and to approach British leaders in council. Such an organ of discussion Mr. Griffith himself has already accepted in words (indeed, he proposed it), and it might be formed before the year is out provided—and this condition is indispensable—the soil of Ireland can be cleansed of the obscene warfare which defiles it.

### THE CHART OF NEW EUROPE.

THE Supreme Council has been moved this week to hold an unpremeditated extraordinary session to deal with the case of King Constantine. It is not yet known what will come of it—we imagine very little. The Greeks seized the first opportunity which has presented itself, since M. Venizelos was forced upon them, to declare their own independence in the ballot boxes. It was an audacious action, for it implied a defiance of the wishes and arrangements which the Allies had made for them. None the less, they have stumbled on a discovery which others in their case had made before them. In certain conditions it is a remarkably safe thing to disregard the wishes of the Supreme Council. Poland divined this fact long ago, and has traded on it with complete immunity. Roumania discovered it, when she wished to loot a prostrate Hungary, and she also has felt no unpleasant consequences. There are, in such cases, stiff notes, admonitory essays, stern communications to the Press, but nothing whatever happens. When the admonitions become too peremptory, the offending minor Power has only to announce that its wireless apparatus is not working.

There is, as a rule, in all these cases a complete divergence of views among the principal Allies, of which the minor Power is shrewdly aware. France has always stood by Poland and Roumania, and in the present case it has suited Lord Curzon to shield the Greeks from the anger of the French. That he has thereby advanced his own positive policy we gravely doubt. One may congratulate him on the good sense of his decision that the Greeks must be free to choose their own governors. But the problem of the impossible Turkish Treaty remains. It cannot be enforced, and yet we are told that it would be inconvenient to revise it. This glaring instance of impotence is, however, typical of the entire work of Versailles. The Treaties are all, in one degree or another, impossible. None of them can be literally enforced, and one hardly knows which is worse—the cases in which the Supreme Council does assert itself with a heavy hand, or those in which it does nothing, and looks the other way.

A survey of Europe from the windows of the Council room would reveal a very remarkable scene, if we assume that we are watching an essay in international government. It reminds us of those weather charts which show the varying barometric pressure on the Continent. The pressure on the Rhine is extraordinarily heavy. It weighs upon the occupied provinces with a numerous garrison and all the machinery of military courts, and the burden of it is so great, that, as the Germans are fond of reminding us, every Allied private soldier on the Rhine costs their Exchequer more than a judge of their Supreme Court. Austria presents the same phenomenon, over-run, as it is, with Allied Commissions, which enjoy and exercise uncontested authority, and pass their expenses to the Budget of a bankrupt people. One of the

Admirals, who are doing some mysterious naval work in this land without a seaboard, draws a larger salary than the entire body of Austrian Cabinet Ministers taken together.

As one moves Eastwards, however, the chart would show that the barometric pressure was sensibly relaxed. Here all is vague, and over vast regions one encounters no ponderable evidence whatever of Allied authority. Take, for example, the Adriatic as the nearest of these regions. Three distinct solutions, if we remember aright, have been propounded from Paris. None of them was enforced, and to-day, after all the Wilson notes and the George-Clemenceau compromises, and the two years' delay, it is a settlement reached unaided by Italians and South Slavs which has been adopted, though one would not venture to call it final. No one, all this while, has heard of a single effort by the Supreme Council to deal with d'Annunzio's defiance of it in Fiume, and the best to hope for now is that the Italians may manage to deal with their rebel themselves. The result so far has been that the port on which the whole commercial life of Jugoslavia and Hungary depends, has been hermetically closed for two years on end. Further South we come on another big gap in the Allies' work. Albania is still there, the mountains and the clans of it, but what else is it? An independent State, or a geographical expression awaiting partition? Since the threat to its life in the 1915 Treaty of London, the Allies have given no sign that they remembered its existence.

Gaps, and still more gaps, reveal themselves as one travels eastwards. The Baltic States, like Albania, certainly exist, but what is their status? We have given them money, and sent them "Missions," but as yet the law knows them not. They are not "recognized": they have no admitted frontiers. For all its supremacy, the Supreme Council has not yet been able to make up its mind whether Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania are independent States, or whether they are merely appanages of some future Russian Empire, which some Wrangel or Balahovitch, now in exile or flight, is destined to reconquer. Poland's case is somewhat better. She is recognized. She has a Western frontier. Eastward the Allies left her fluid. Solid on the German side, she is indefinitely nebulous where she faces Russia. To be sure, after twenty months of inaction, the Curzon line was suggested from London. It remained a mere suggestion. Neither on Poland nor on Russia was it imposed, and to-day a new and much less equitable frontier, which certainly will not be permanent, is being drawn between Poland and Russia at Riga. Will this line be "recognized"? Is a Treaty with Russia, itself unrecognized, valid? Are the Members of the League bound to defend this new line, or the Curzon line, or any line at all? In the East the Allies have left even the preliminary work of a settlement undone. The consequence may be anarchy for many a year to come. What is happening at Vilna might be repeated indefinitely by every one of these half-recognized States, over every one of these fluid borders. The League, to be sure, is going to take a *plébiscite* in Vilna. It is even preparing to send a few companies of Swedes, Spaniards, and Belgians to watch the voting, but as, apparently, it does not propose, before the people vote, to remove the invading Polish army under Zeligowsky, it is hard to see that the *plébiscite* can be more than a form of pressure under international sanction.

There are other regions of Europe in which the readings of the chart are harder to decipher. Hungary has felt the Allied hand very heavy upon her. She has had French Generals and British Admirals in control, and it is not very long since the Roumanians marched

out of Budapest. No State in Europe has been so thoroughly conquered, or so ruthlessly dismembered. Yet in no State in Europe are the reactionary, militarist forces, which made the war, so absolutely in control. Admiral Horthy rules by a kind of "Black-and-Tan" terrorism, with the open murder, and even torture, of Jews and Socialists for his technique, and at this moment is about to execute some of the more moderate members of the late Socialist Government, who resigned office only on a formal pledge of immunity from reprisals, given by the British Commission in Vienna. The Allies have formally excluded the Hapsburgs from the throne (as they excluded King Constantine in Greece), and yet the Hungarians appear to hesitate only as to which particular Hapsburgs they will crown. Move westwards to Tchecho-Slovakia, and another phase of the European anarchy reveals itself. Here, a big German minority was included, unnecessarily and against its will, in the new Slav State, but a very solemn charter of rights was drawn up for it with the League of Nations as its guarantor. How has it been observed? The constitution, including all the vital laws as to linguistic and scholastic rights, and even a land settlement, was drawn up by an Assembly in which no single German deputy sat. The constituencies have been "gerrymandered," and Tchech regiments with the franchise are quartered where their votes will be most useful. The famous Legion, returned from Russia and elsewhere, employs itself in dealing with Germans on the "Black-and-Tan" method, with this apparent difference, that, unlike the force in Ireland, it is not controlled, or controllable, by the Central Government. In the schools the effective right of German children to education in their own language is denied by the simple expedient of arranging that while there is (as we learn) one Tchech teacher for twenty scholars or thereabouts, there is only one German teacher for every eighty children. In this case, something is known of the actual position of a minority guaranteed by the League. It is known because the Tchechs, so far from being the worst sinners, are probably the least culpable, and the Germans, so far from being a feeble minority, are relatively the best able to defend themselves. Of the case of the numerous minorities in Roumania, of the Jews in Poland, or of the Bulgarians in Serb and Greek Macedonia and Thrace, we hear nothing, but some acquaintance with the habits of the ruling race in these countries enables us to guess. We omit the case of Armenia from this survey, merely because it is not in Europe.

The positive action of the Supreme Council is confined, so far as we can trace its record over Europe to-day, to the economic coercion of Germany, and there it is mainly directed to the exaction of a coal tribute. It is not yet complete. Until the fate of Silesia is settled no one can say whether the economic life of Central Europe is likely to be preserved, even on its present level of semi-starvation. Here the pressure is undoubtedly effective. The tribute levied on the Ruhr coal-field is duly forthcoming. It involves the starvation of German industry, which hobbles along with something between a third and a half of its pre-war productivity. France, meanwhile, is receiving more coal than she requires, and it is even reported that she sells some of it back to Germany at double the nominal price. The human cost of this tribute may be studied in the homes of the miners. They work ten hours and a half a day. Their custom is to take down with them to the mine, as their day's food supply, four slices of bread thinly spread with lard. That is, so far as we can see, the one really solid contribution of the Supreme Council towards the settlement of Europe.

## THE PORTRAIT OF A MINISTER.

PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD is Chief Secretary for Ireland. Four millions of people are in his care. The House of Commons has to rely on his knowledge, his promptness, and his sense of responsibility for the statements he makes. It is his duty to protect the civilian population from outrage at the hands of the armed forces of the Crown, and to safeguard the lives of his servants. The pages of Hansard for the last few weeks give us some idea of the manner in which he carries out these solemn duties.

The first thing to note about his speeches and answers is that he is fond of making sweeping declarations, with a gesture either of defiance or of triumph. We give two examples to show what authority these confident statements carry. In September the Irish Government, acting under the Coercion Act, prohibited the holding of coroners' inquests in ten counties. Yet the Irish Secretary said on October 21st:—

*"There is always an inquest into the death of a person found dead in Ireland. . . . I will see that the inquest is held in public as most inquests are; in fact, as far as I know, as all inquests are"*

On November 16th it was pointed out to him that no coroner's inquest was allowed in the case of Annie O'Neill, the girl shot in Dublin.

"Mr. Macveagh.—Will the right hon. gentleman answer my question? Does he still adhere to the statement that he made in this House three weeks ago that there is always a public inquest into every case of a person found dead in Ireland?"

"Sir H. Greenwood.—I can only repeat what I have said. In certain parts of Ireland there are still inquests, mainly held by a coroner with a jury. In other parts of Ireland, for reasons of disturbance and the certainty of not getting an impartial jury, we have set up, according to the law passed by this House, military courts of inquiry."

On the same day Sir H. Greenwood said, answering another question:—

*"The rule about courts of inquiry held in lieu of inquest in that whether they are open to the Press or public is a matter for the discretion of the court. . . ."*

In this case the Chief Secretary did not know of most important administrative action taken by his Government some weeks earlier. *That action had been commented on in the Press.* The information he gave to the House was false in every particular.

On October 20th he made another sweeping statement, which greatly impressed the House:—

*"I have never seen a tittle of evidence to prove that the servants of the Crown have destroyed these creameries."*

On November 16th Mr. Hogge asked:—

*"Whether an official report of the burning of the creameries of Tobercurry and Achonry was issued from Dublin Castle to certain Press representatives on or before the 6th October; whether this report was drawn up by a senior police officer at the request of the Chief Secretary's Department; whether it was admitted in the report that these creameries were destroyed by the constabulary, and whether this report was presented to him before 20th October, when he stated that he had never seen a tittle of evidence to prove that the servants of the Crown had destroyed creameries?"*

On November 25th Sir H. Greenwood made this reluctant admission:—

*"I have now received the full reports of the destruction of the two creameries, to which my attention had not been drawn when I made the observation to which the hon. gentleman refers, and I now find that it is admitted in each case that the burning was committed by members of the police force on the 1st of October in an outburst of passion evoked by the brutal*

*murder of District Inspector Brady and the wounding of another of their comrades on the evening of the previous day."*

There was a great deal of other evidence which he had disregarded, but this was the information of his own officials.

Again and again the Chief Secretary is asked for information about important outrages, and he always replies that he is still inquiring. A question on November 11th marks the climax:—

"Mr. Macveagh.—Will the right hon. gentleman kindly answer question No. 73, whether any reports have been received with regard to the outrages mentioned in that question, and some of which took place twelve months ago, and whether any reports in these cases will be called for and embodied in Parliamentary papers?"

"Sir H. Greenwood.—I repeat the last part of my answer: A number of such inquiries are still proceeding, and I am not yet in a position to furnish the House with a complete detailed account on the subject, but I hope to do so at a later date.—November 11th (1347)."

On what is the information given to the House based? Let us see. On November 1st Lord Robert Cecil asked:—

"When my right hon. friend speaks of inquiries, are these inquiries made in private or in public?"

"Sir H. Greenwood.—Some inquiries are made in private and some in public. My own experience in Ireland is that the most effective inquiry is made in private."

"Mr. Devlin.—From whom does the right hon. gentleman make these inquiries?"

"Sir H. Greenwood.—From the officers and persons who are responsible to me for their conduct."

On November 12th Mr. Kiley asked the Chief Secretary whether at every inquiry held into alleged reprisals in Ireland there had been present some person with legal training or qualifications?

"Sir H. Greenwood.—As I have already stated, the inquiries into such allegations are conducted by responsible police or military officers upon whose findings I can rely."

With this information it is interesting to turn to Sir H. Greenwood's account of the success of his inquiry into the most sensational reprisal of all, and one in which inquiry was particularly easy because it took place near Dublin.

*"I myself have had the fullest inquiry made into the case. I find that from 100 to 150 men went to Balbriggan determined to revenge the death of a popular comrade shot at and murdered in cold blood. I find it is impossible out of that 150 to find who did the deed, who did the burning. I have had the most searching inquiry made."*

On October 6th it was admitted by Dublin Castle that two specified creameries had been destroyed by constables. But the Chief Secretary has not yet discovered who was responsible.

So much for the value and accuracy of the Chief Secretary's information to the House of Commons. Let us see now how he defends the civilian population from the outrages that have shocked the world.

A weekly sheet, known in Ireland as "Hamar's Weekly," is issued to the police stations in which is reprinted every incitement to reprisals that the editor can find in other papers. A particularly flagrant case occurred on October 29th. This paper published the resolution of an anti-Sinn Fein Society threatening that if a constable was killed in Cork three Sinn Feiners would be killed. On November 17th an Irish sergeant of the R.I.C. was murdered in Cork. That night three civilians were murdered in presence of their wives.

Now, who is responsible for this vile sheet? Sir H. Greenwood said, in the House of Commons on November 18th, "The 'Weekly Summary' is wholly paid for from public funds. Its cost is approximately £16 10s.



weekly." On November 24th he said that one of the methods adopted for heartening this force was the "Weekly Summary." "I took it upon myself to issue this 'Weekly Summary.'" This same sheet reproduces a paragraph from some paper announcing that an M.P. is to propose that there shall be no discussion of reprisals in the House. The paragraph is headed: "THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND REPRISALS. FREE HAND TILL MURDER GANG IS CRUSHED." Is it not clear that the official way of heartening this force is to give them the impression that reprisals are approved of?

On October 25th, after town after town had been shot up by troops, the Irish Secretary made the following statement in the House:—

"Major Wood.—Are we to understand that the local authorities are to make good damage caused by soldiers?"

"Sir H. Greenwood.—In all the cases brought to my notice, yes, because the soldiers have made the damage in acts of *legitimate self-defence*."

On November 24th, he said in the House:—

"I can assure you that if there is one creamery in Ireland, and which is the rendezvous of the Irish republican army, or one manager who is a member of that army, *that creamery is in peril*."

In other words, the Chief Secretary instigates reprisals both by an official publication and by his language in the House.

We will now turn to his statements on the right to kill people in the street, whether they move or keep still, whether they be men, women, or children. Take first the case of Annie O'Neill, the girl killed in Dublin:

"Sir Hamar Greenwood (November 15th).—In reference to the Dublin affair I have received a telegraphic report to the effect that on Saturday evening, at about a quarter-past five, two military lorries were passing down Charlemont Street, near Charlemont Avenue in Dublin, when a group of five or six young men were observed to run away. They were ordered to halt, and on failing to do so three shots were fired. I deeply regret to have to say that as a result of this firing a young girl, named Annie O'Neill, aged eight years, was killed, and another girl, named Teresa Kavanagh, was slightly wounded. The loss of this young innocent life is deplorable, but I hope that the House will agree with me in the view that the responsibility does not rest upon the soldiers."

"Lord H. Cavendish Bentinck.—Is it the practice to fire on men who are running away?"

"Sir H. Greenwood.—Men who are ordered to halt and do not halt are fired at."

Take next the right to shoot when nobody moves. On November 18th, Mr. Mosley asked the Chief Secretary:—

"which manual of military training advocates the method of firing in ambush in anticipation of an ambush: whether any competent military authority has advised him that firing down hedgerows is likely to deter assailants composing an ambush who presumably remain under cover until they can fire upon troops at short range: whether the only protection against such ambush is a properly armored car, or in the case of troops on horse or foot, the ordinary method of protection adopted by a cavalry patrol, and whether either of these two recognized methods of protection involve haphazard shooting in the countryside?"

"Sir Hamar Greenwood.—I cannot enter into a discussion of tactics with the hon. and gallant member. I can only say that the police and military, after several bitter experiences, have at times adopted the method of firing into dense clumps of hedgerows where ambushes are likely to be placed in the hope of either dislodging any assailants who may be lying in wait, or causing them to disclose themselves before they come to short range. I would willingly supply the police with armored cars if it were possible to do so, and if such cars would perform the work required of a police lorry."

On November 1st, Mrs. Quinn (a pregnant woman, with a child in her arms) was killed by a shot from a passing lorry. The facts of her case were put by Mr. Mosley in a question on November 25th. They showed

that in this case the police shot a woman sitting on a wall in full view of the road, in broad daylight, and that the doctor who attended her gave the opinion that she was shot at close range. Sir Hamar Greenwood did not dispute these facts. He said:—

"A military inquiry was held into this deplorable affair, and found that the cause of death was misadventure. I am not prepared to reopen the inquiry by entering into a discussion of points of evidence, all of which were fully considered by the court."

On November 21st, the afternoon of the day on which fourteen officers were murdered, the police attacked the crowd assembled at Croke Park to watch a hurling match. The official account stated that shots were fired at the police. The first account stated that these shots were fired outside the ground, the second that they were fired from corners of the field. The details of the casualty list were given by Sir Hamar Greenwood on November 27th:—

"Ten men, one woman, and three children (under 14) were killed, or have died as the result of their injuries. These figures include the case of a woman who was crushed to death, and of a man who apparently died from shock. Twelve men have been detained in hospital for treatment of wounds and injuries. Fifty persons have been treated in hospital but not detained. I have no information as to how many of these cases were those of men, women, and children respectively. No child was bayoneted. There were no police or military casualties."

It will be noticed that no policeman or soldier was struck by the shots which were said by the police to have been fired, and that there has been no inquiry into the facts. The number of people killed at Peterloo was eleven.

But on November 13th, Sir Hamar Greenwood stated:—

"These casualties include perfectly innocent persons whose death I deeply regret. The responsibility for their harm rests entirely upon those assassins whose existence is a menace to the law-abiding persons in Ireland."

On November 25th, he said:—

"The firing by the Crown forces was fully justified in the exceptional circumstances of the situation on Sunday last."

It is, therefore, established that police may fire into a large crowd of peaceful persons and kill spectators and players at a hurling match, because they say the "shots have been fired in their direction"—shots which did not inflict a single wound.

When people are killed in Ireland by policemen or soldiers there are no inquests, but inquiries are held by the military. Let us see how the Chief Secretary protects the rights of the civilian and the interests of justice. The Chief Secretary, responsible to this civilian population, justified the policeman who refused to take Mrs. Quinn's dying depositions at the request of a priest ("All that I can say is that none of the constables take their orders from priests"), and justified the court that inquired into the killing of Annie O'Neill for refusing to admit the legal representative of the mother of the girl who was killed (November 17th). On November 25th he refused to give instructions that the next-of-kin should be allowed to be represented by a solicitor at such inquiries.

Thus the Irish Secretary deprives the Irish people of the right to any independent inquiry into the death of women and children killed by police, or even to be represented at the official inquiry which takes the place of an inquest.

Now this is a military tyranny such as Prussia enjoyed in her worst days. But Prussia did, at any rate, defend her armed servants. This is exactly what

the Chief Secretary does not do. He neglects the most elementary precautions. Time after time he is asked to provide armored cars; time after time it is pointed out that the regular military precautions should be taken to protect men from ambush. The Chief Secretary, who left fourteen officers scattered in Dublin houses without revolvers, can only reply that the way to help the soldiers is to condemn the murders carried out by Sinn Feiners.

This question and answer on November 4th is an excellent summary of the Government's position. Mr. Mosley asked the Chief Secretary:—

"Whether in view of his discovery that certain Irish assassins never sleep more than one night in the same place, he has yet devised any more efficient system of bringing these murderers to justice than the practice adopted by certain of his subordinates in burning next day the houses of other people in the vicinity of the outrages?"

"Sir Hamar Greenwood.—I am satisfied that all possible means are being taken to apprehend and bring to justice the criminals who are committing the murders of policemen and other outrages in Ireland.

"Mr. Hodge.—Is it the case that reprisals are the politician's substitute for efficiency? One man has been convicted of murder and executed and innocent persons have been killed, wounded, or burned out of their homes by the hundred."

This is the record of the Minister on whom the House of Commons has to rely for its information, and the country for its escape from a crisis greater than any in the anxious history of its relations with the Irish people. It is enough to say in brief that this picture is of a Minister who has forgotten every single obligation of a governor to the governed.

### A THIRD WEEK IN IRELAND.

OUR correspondent sends us a third instalment of the weekly diary, from which we have made previous extracts:—

Nov. 20.—P— has been having its share of reprisals. I am told of a man, an old Land Leaguer, innocent of any present offence: "I think there was hardly a worse scourging given to our Lord—the whole back black and blue with bruises, and the blood drawn in some places." Other men there were beaten, "one thrown on a dung-heap. A 'Black-and-Tan' put one foot on his face, to press it into the dung, and then he and others treated the same way were thrown into the village well to wash themselves."

"There is an old man of seventy living on the side of the mountain. He had come down to the village, and went into the public-house to get a drink. He had eighteen and sixpence in his pocket. 'Black-and-Tans' came in and called 'Hands up,' and he put up his hands, and one of them put his hand in his pocket and took the eighteen and sixpence and walked out."

Nov. 22.—C.F. coming to lunch, says she was at a dance on Saturday. Some of the officers came in late, said they had been to the railway station with some of their men and asked to be taken on the train, and being refused the guard and fireman must be dismissed. One said, "It would have been a great sell if they had taken us. We didn't want to go anywhere. We shouldn't have known what to do."

Nov. 23.—K. has been staying near A—, and says the "Black-and-Tans" have "been very busy." Many young men, three friends of hers amongst them, were dragged out and beaten "with a thong." Her sister's house was raided one night in search of two young men, but they weren't there. "They have told the

mother of one of them that if he isn't found her house will be burned." No trains running, and reports of "great killings" in Dublin. To-day we have no post, no papers. There was great firing on the road last night.

Nov. 24.—That news of the murder of officers is terrible, and of the firing on the crowd. We seem to have grown used to the taking from their houses and shooting the young men of the countryside by "uniformed men," for these killings in Dublin seemed more terrible for a moment, yet they are on the same basis—"death answering to death like the clerks answering to one another at the Mass."

L. going on business to G— is told the Highlanders had come there and had "done bad work" the evening before—beating men, driving them before them, following them even into the chapel until the clerk locked the door. "All the shops had to be shut, no one was allowed to go into a house after it had been shut unless he had a key, man or woman." Old Y. says the same thing, "a bad crowd. They beat men, and women as well as men, with the butt of their rifles. Belgium where are you? This is worse than Belgium ever was!"

Nov. 25.—Z. (an English official) was here to-day. He began with "What do you say to the murder of the Dublin officers? When I heard of it I saw red. I wished to go out and kill someone."

I said it had made me feel sick with its horror, and that it was perhaps from its being in one's own class, and perhaps because of the hotel I know, that made it such a vivid horror and shock. And after a while as we talked I said those whose sons or friends or kindred had been seized at night and dragged out and shot would feel their tragedy as more terrible, being nearer to them, though in substance it is the same . . . (and to myself I wondered why the English should claim the monopoly of the scarlet vision). I told him also of the old man scourged at P—. He said he thought the floggings worse than the murders. I said they were perhaps worse for the character of those who inflicted them—a shot might be fired in the heat of passion, but it is always questioned if even schoolmasters—even parents—can be trusted when beating is concerned, the weapon in the hand of the stronger, and that these coarse men let loose to flog whom they would—strangers to them, and often innocent of any crime, must be brutalized by such action; and he agreed, and spoke fairly enough against reprisals and in favor of a settlement.

Nov. 26.—Having to go and see an official about some business, I asked about the Highlanders. He said it was true they had gone through the streets beating people with their rifles, but that there were not many of them, and they had been drinking. . . . A great many arrested, and others being looked for. "The police say to their fathers: 'It's better for them not to run, they'll be only seven days in our hands if they stay and let us take them.'" M— had passed a lorry with four boys he knew in it, and "military before and police behind, and flags flying."

Nov. 29.—The Bank Manager, speaking of an old man who was robbed of £60 by "Black-and-Tans" from a passing lorry, says that at the fair the other day his clerk was kept signing deposit receipts, I think, a hundred and twenty-eight. They had never had such a number before in one day, but all the farmers were afraid to walk the road with money on them because of the "Black-and-Tans."

Old Y— says: "I don't know in the world what to say to the world. They are a holy fright."

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

AT the end of last week there seemed to be a hope of peace with Ireland, which the arrest of Mr. Arthur Griffith and Professor MacNeill, like the not dissimilar arrest of Parnell, has gravely qualified. Like so much that happens to this non-governing Government, it is hard to trace the motives and the origin of this step. Questioned on it on Friday evening, the Irish Secretary professed to know nothing whatever about it! A little later he had acquired his knowledge, and disclosed it to the House of Commons. Was it, then, an act of the Irish Tudors, the seventeenth century party, as I have heard them described, designed to stop the conciliatory action at which the "Times" of Wednesday hinted, by putting the Sinn Féin moderates out of action and leaving the gunmen in charge? That is the appearance; but it is a relief to know that the Labor Deputation comes into the breach, and will act (I believe with very general assent here) not merely as a body of inquiry, but as an organ of settlement. To that end a very useful contribution has been made by the well-named Mr. Sweetman, a member of Dáil Eireann, a wealthy landowner and a man of moderate views. He suggests the interposition of the Labor Delegation to arrange a conference of the Irish Catholic Episcopate, the Irish Labor Party, and the Irish Peace Conference. I am assured that though he has spoken for himself, he has spoken also the thoughts of a substantial minority in Ireland. I go further, and imagine that an "armistice" is possible, and that the Government has reason to know that it is possible; while if it is disposed to go on from an armistice to the consideration of peace, Dáil Eireann is available for the purpose. For there is no question now of a six weeks' or a two months' campaign of reprisals, with Irish submission at the end.

A PEACE of desolation, indeed, there might come after both countries had supped high with blood. This I firmly believe—especially after the invaluable stand by Mr. Asquith—that public opinion forbids. That Ireland is a hell, and that for all the crimes of the gunmen, England's action is the main factor in making and keeping her one, no reader of her every-day news can now doubt. Take a little sketch—a mere vignette—of every-day life in Dublin, given me the other day by a resident in a famous and very quiet quarter. "The other day" (he said) "firing began suddenly outside my door. I rushed the children upstairs. Then it ceased, and began again. A few minutes later a neighbor ran in, saying that he had opened his front door, and had stood outside for a moment, when a bullet had whizzed past his ears. All day and all night long lorries full of armed men, with rifles at the present, rush past, rocking as they go, and driven at twenty or thirty miles an hour. Many people have been hit in this fashion; while all over Ireland many more, opening their door, and answering to their name, have been shot, with the remark, 'You're the man we want.' No one is safe. A well-known Dublin physician went out a few yards from his door to post a letter. A Government lorry, of which he took no notice, stood in a corner of the street. Suddenly a man in uniform sprang at him with a revolver, while another flashed an electric light in his face, and, with the remark, 'You're not the man,' released him."

As to the origin of the policy of Terrorism I see that Dr. Roberts, in a very feeble and question-

begging reply to my attack on him, tells the "Guardian" that we ought not to be angry with Mr. George because he is "loyal to a Coalition Government." Now, as it happens, the *Coalition Liberals* and not the *Tories* of the Cabinet are primarily responsible for reprisals. The Irish Committee of the Cabinet consists of six men, whose names are as follows:—

**Mr. Lloyd George.**  
**Mr. Winston Churchill.**  
**Sir Hamar Greenwood.**  
**Mr. Fisher.**  
 Mr. Bonar Law.  
 Mr. Walter Long.

The first four names are those of—Liberals; the last two of Tories, so that the former have a majority of two to one, in addition to the leadership of the Prime Minister. Hopeless, therefore, for them to put this policy on to the Tories, or to plead their own mitigating influence. *Palmarum qui meruerunt ferant.* They are the men who have fixed this thing on to England's back.

So Mr. George Russell is an "extreme" Sinn Féiner. Sir Hamar Greenwood says so, and as he holds the power of life and death over a good many Irishmen's heads, he ought to know what that kind of classification might signify. But as I had heard of "A. E." before I heard of the Irish Secretary, and hope to remember him long after I have forgotten Sir Hamar Greenwood's existence, I may suggest that Mr. Russell, being one of the two most distinguished living Irishmen, was catalogued some years ago among Irish poets, men of letters, and workers, but never among the kind of Irishmen who are called extremists. Doubtless he merits Sir Hamar's unfavorable attention because he happens to have built up a great many Irish creameries, while Sir Hamar can merely claim the later merit of destroying them. Still I should like to take him out of the category of politicians (if only for the reason that it brings him into the same class as the Irish Secretary) and put him back to the place where the artists and the poets sit and look down on them.

THE other day I listened to Mr. Charles Buxton giving an account of his experience with a miner of the Ruhr, with whom he lived for some weeks, sharing his home and diet, and wished that some thousands of English miners had been there to hear him. It is from the Ruhr that the German coal tribute is largely made up. To achieve this task the miners work six full days of 10½ hours a day. To sustain him in his task, Mr. Buxton's miner took down to the pit each day four slices of black bread, with a scraping of lard. [Our miners take bread, bacon, eggs, and fruit for their much shorter sojourn below.] The family food consisted of bread, barley porridge, cabbage and potato soup, and a little meat on Sunday. They have worn out nearly all their under-clothing, and could get no more, though the household was one of the most thrifty and prosperous in the Ruhr, and the diet of the miners is the best in working-class Germany. The miners were working themselves out on this basis of food and work, and their death-rates were rapidly going up. Of the two children, one, a boy, got about a quarter of a pint of milk twice a week, the girl of two, a pint a day. No adult had a drop. The child victims of rickets now extended to fourteen or fifteen years of age, instead of stopping, as before the war, at three or four.



I HOPE as many of my readers as possible will interest themselves and give a helping hand to the "Save the Children Fund" by visiting the collection of pictures by Viennese children which is to be seen at 217, Knightsbridge. It is a wonderful exhibition of children's intelligence and fancy, now and then coming very near to genius, and nearly always showing some quaintness or brilliancy of color and design. I recall three pictures in particular, a charming pastoral of a shepherd boy playing on a flute, a child carrying a kid in his arms and chased by the wildest goats in the world, and (alas that such a theme should rise and shape itself in a young heart!) a symbolic drawing of hunger, which belong to the first category; many that come into the second. Many decorative designs of Christmas trees and games are there; and some pretty conventionalities of Catholic faith and practice, and illustrations of Viennese life and street scenes. You cannot but be charmed, and, now and then, maybe, you will feel that some words about the offending of children must have been expressly spoken so that this Christian age may realize their full poignancy.

MANY critical readers of the "Star," to whom that afternoon sheet is a pleasant old habit, but who latterly have had reason to regret that too frequently it sets its official outlook upon politics from the year 1890, or thereabouts, have often been startled, not to say alarmed, by a flash from one of its mere headlines, as though rebellion had glanced ironically from its pages, only to vanish instantly. The headlines and cross-headings to the "Star's" mass of news, and the apparently casual display of its items, have been shot with an erratic light which seemed accidentally to mock its own views. That light was puzzling, but its play was too constant to be unintentional. Again, how many of us have looked first in the "Star" for that obscured feature, "Words Winged To-day"? It was evident that the man who strung those ludicrous quotations together understood words and their values. But who was responsible for this brilliant and impersonal flickering? I regret to hear that the man responsible, who still was young, died this week. I do not think anyone in Fleet Street, outside his own office, knew him; and few, in his own place, but approached him with extreme caution, for Ralph St. G. Ryder, whose intimates knew him for a shy, kindly, and generous man, valuing him for that, and his scholarship and love of letters, had a gift of instant wit which could cut like flinders of glass. Once he used it extensively on those who knew all about the war; and of late, on those who had turned from the Germans to the Irish. It is said he died of pneumonia. I think too acute a scrutiny of humanity's ways since 1914 really killed him. He was one of those rare spirits who justify their profession to other journalists.

I AM told that a house in Ireland was lately insured against damage from Sinn Fein at the rate of 2½ per cent. The insurer then proposed to protect his property against damage by agents of the Crown. "The rate for that," was the Company's reply, "will be ten per cent."

I HAVE this from Fiume, not from Ireland:—

"During the occupation of this place by the Allies, a very perfect example of a beautifully dressed Italian officer found a French negro soldier, leaning against a pillar, drunk. He said to the negro, 'What are you here for?' 'Pour la civilization!' was the proud reply."

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE EMBARGO ON DEBATE.

LAST Friday Mr. Asquith delivered at Bradford the annual speech of its leader to the delegates of the Liberal Party assembled in hundreds from all the constituencies of England, supplemented by some five thousand citizens of Bradford. The speech was unusually important for two reasons. The first was because he has taken the lead in the last few weeks in denouncing the Government's policy of terrorism in Ireland. The second was because he has recently declared, in a letter to the "Times" in favor of Dominion Home Rule, that this declaration was endorsed first by his followers in Parliament, and again by the National Liberal Federation, which is the only body having a right to speak for Liberalism as a whole. And in this speech he defined exactly what he meant by Dominion Home Rule. A verbatim report of a remarkable utterance appeared in the "Daily News," in London, in most of the Yorkshire papers, and in the two great Scottish Conservative journals, the "Scotsman," and the "Glasgow Herald." Not a word of it appeared in the "Times" newspaper. Three days afterwards, that paper announced, on a back page, that it regretted that severe pressure on space obliged it to defer publication of a summary of Mr. Asquith's speech, and presented as that summary a quarter of a column of small print.

It is interesting to examine the nature of that "severe pressure on space," in view of the fact that it thus regretfully squeezes out any allusion to a speech made by a man of European reputation who has been eight years Prime Minister, is at present leader of a party which must at lowest command the allegiance of some hundreds of thousands of electors, and whose utterances from such a position, one would have thought, would have been required as a piece of news by those who most fervently deplored them. In the issue of the number excluding the report from a paper which, on its great impartial past record, has been accepted abroad as providing the intelligent news of England, one can detect certain items which might have given place, perhaps, to an impeachment of Government policy and a proclamation of a method of reform in Ireland. On the "leader" page, the column next the leading articles, historically reserved for questions of international importance, is given to a correspondence on the dearness of golf and the respective merits or demerits of rabbits or sheep in feeding down the grass on the courses. On the opposite page, devoted to vital news, a third of a column is occupied by an account of how a tiger was killed by a lion at the Zoo. In other pages three and a half columns are devoted to racing (not so much to news as to "prospects" of coming events) and two columns to hunting. These are, however, appropriately balanced by a discourse in the greater part of a column upon "Advent, the Ground of Hope," and by a parallel column of the same length giving a list of the gifted London preachers who, it is to be presumed, would deal with the subject on the following Sabbath, and who, it is to be presumed also, must have been greatly surprised to find this publicity challenging their modest efforts to avoid the limelight. On the Monday, when a record of Mr. Asquith's speech succeeds in obtaining a quarter of a column, the Ground of Hope of Advent and the preachers have alike disappeared; except for a chivalrous attack by the Dean of Durham on Mrs. Asquith's Memoirs, which occupies not far from the same amount of space as the report of Mr. Asquith's speech.

There are evidently strong grounds for this curtailment. There is one column on Paris Fashions, and one column on the Film World. The important central column of the leader page is still occupied by more letters concerning golf, in which the controversy concerning the nibbling of rabbits and sheep has passed into the wider and more intoxicating region of the extravagance or economy of golf architects. There are two columns on motor cycle developments, opposite a whole page of motor cycle show advertisements. The racing news has swollen to nearly four columns, and the general news of other "sport," into five more. Small wonder that there can only be a quarter of a column provided, two days late, for the demand for national economy, national honesty, and a national settlement of a problem six centuries old, made by a statesman who has served his country in the highest offices for nearly thirty years.

Now the tradition of the past forbids the "Times" quite becoming a threepenny "Daily Mail," much as artistic standards would be violated if architects knocked down our cathedrals and replaced them by cinema theatres on the ground that these paid better or the people desired them more. That tradition indeed is against all Radical sympathies and ideals. One of the greatest of Radical leaders once declared that if praised by the "Times" he sought diligently in his own conscience for the crime he had committed. It was the most stolidly biased Conservative newspaper in Europe, and its career of prejudice on Ireland ended in the squalid perjuries of the Piggott forgery. But its tradition was great as a "news" paper. It reported the speeches by public men of all sides. Day by day it gave an almost verbatim report of the Parliamentary debates, and if state men or publicists were turning men's attention to any hazardous problem of the nation's life, they could be sure of an instrument of expression among all the governing classes of England who took life seriously. They did not find this expression denied them because three-quarters of a column had to be ceded to the list of running horses, or because space was mortgaged for a combat between lion and tiger, and the respective merits of rabbits or sheep on golf greens.

This particular instance of one particular paper evokes criticism partly because of its flagrant outrage, and partly because you would think that the "Times" would be content to earn less dividend if only to retain its unique position in these matters. But examination of most of the other newspapers produced in London and for Southern England, as contrasted with the Northern and Scottish newspapers, may well awake feelings of despair. You may say these have no such tradition of responsibility as the "Times." These papers are run for profit or for pleasure by rich men, and it would seem almost insolent to criticize what news they give, or withhold, when, as they might assert, they know their own business better than any outsider. Let that outsider, they might affirm, start his own newspaper, and fill it with the dull speeches of men concerned with public policy, with a plea for economy which no one wishes to hear, with a discussion of the condition of Europe, which all desire to forget, with denunciation of the British terror in Ireland, which no one desires to believe. With our racing tips and our cinema chats, with our pictures of beauties and murderers, with our avid disclosures of impudicity and moral squalor, we will guarantee to maintain such an alternative for the people as will speedily drive him and his new newspaper into the bankruptcy court. And, indeed, there is some justification for their statement, for they can point to some of the most prominent sellers, especially among the Sunday newspapers

which the working men read, in which political news and controversy are swept aside, and dense columns are filled with pigeon-flying, or police court pornography. Nevertheless, it is quite evident that the thing runs round in a vicious circle, like the frieze of Mr. Low's famous cartoon of murder and reprisal in Ireland. To a people always inclined to avoid the effort of thought in serious matters is offered reading which is trivial or base. And the fact that this is the only news offered them tends to make them concerned only with base or frivolous things.

The result is that public discussion of great questions has practically ceased. The debate in Parliament which men once read eagerly to see both sides of a question, goes unreported. Lady Bell, in her investigation of the reading of the working men of Middlesbrough made some fifteen years ago, found a substantial number of them putting as their first subject of reading the discussions in the House of Commons. The present writer remembers as a boy cutting out all the speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill and pasting them into a book for further reference and perusal. But speeches are now unobtainable by the working men of Middlesbrough. None of these new newspapers even pretends to give the other side in any controversy. If it gives its own side, the news is definitely made tendentious for the particular policy it is adopting, and that policy jumps about from week to week in accordance with the caprice of the owner. For the majority of the newspaper readers of England the censorship of news or opinion hostile to the designs, mainly alike, of a few great newspaper owners, is almost as complete as would be an organized Government censorship. Government by the formation of opinion through discussion has, therefore, largely vanished.

## Short Studies.

### THE NEW WILD WEST.

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I WRITE on the verandah of a hotel in a mountain town of the West, close to the border between B.C. and Idaho. Twenty years ago I tarried in this town when it was in the making, and it moves me in a queer, quiet way to be back here again, looking at the old peaks, serrated with pines, standing up in the remembered way. The mosquito-hawks, that I had forgotten, fluttered and veered, an hour or two ago, in the sunset drizzle, with a flight somewhat like that of swallows or bats; and now with night over the town, and its brilliant lights all aglow, from far off among the hills comes, as of old, the deep blast of the locomotive hauling the evening train in from East, "whistling for curves."

Much is unchanged, cannot be changed. Much has been altered. Twenty years ago men went out of here into the mountains chiefly upon trails, noting their way, when the ground showed no path, by the axe-scars on the trees. Horses were everywhere, wiry horses that, by their abrupt motions, might well give the impression, to persons ignorant of the temperament of the nervous cayuse, of being ill-used. Prospectors alone in the hills grew too fond of their horses to treat them badly. Where trails were in those days there are now, in many parts, wagon-roads, and automobiles bounce along upon them. Ranchers thirty miles away are on the telephone, and ring up friends in town when they are lonely.

Twenty years ago! I recall "coming in," as the phrase was, to this town, twenty years ago. On the way I had what I now look upon as a great privilege. At a place of one store, a blacksmith's shop, and a hotel,

I saw an Old Timer who was to become—I had almost said notorious, but somehow I prefer to say famous. He was pointed out to me as a man who could "ride anything with hair on it." I sat one night before the hotel of that little place (you will pardon me if I do not name it . . . and I do not intend to name the man) and heard him talk. He was in a mood of reminiscence and told the younger ones who were present of how the country had been when he "came in," another twenty years before. He told us of the days before the C.P.R. ran through the Crow's Nest Pass; he told us of the days before peaches were raised at Peachland, or orchard blossom was seen round Summerland, of the days of the first big cattle-ranches in B.C. Even then cattle were rapidly giving place to the orchards. I looked on him with reverence and awe. I never forgot him; and when, five years later, I heard that he had "gone bad" and held up a bank in a town just a few miles from where I had seen him, I thirsted for the details.

These were not lacking, although the account of them is too lengthy to tell here. I was in London at the time, but there I met a man home on holiday who knew this Old Timer better than I. His tone in speaking of the hold-up man—whom I shall call Big John, which is near enough without being his name—was very sympathetic, amusingly so it seemed to me, my friend being one whom none could charge with lack of respectability. "He was a wonderful man," said he, and again came the old testimonial: "He could ride anything with hair on it." Big John had, I discovered, been for some time a horse-breaker on my friend's ranch, and employer and employee had been great friends. They had worked together in the corrals and at the roping; in the Fall they had hunted deer together in the mountains above the bench-lands which were, in those days, cattle pasture, and are now dotted with the aligned fruit trees.

"He was a wonderful man," my friend repeated. "I don't see how he could ever hold down life in the new conditions."

He spoke of Big John in the past tense, for Big John had gone the way of most men who cannot "hold down" the new conditions. After three bank hold-ups and three, no less, escapes from jail (the account of them would read like a scenario for a movie film), he had been shot by a *posse* in Nevada.

"It was a shame," said my friend. "I don't believe he was armed. He had broken jail again and skiddooed, but there was no evidence that he had any fire-arms that time. I believe they just shot him up to be rid of him."

Here on this very hotel, on the verandah of which I write under an electric light, the story of Big John came back to me. I arrived this afternoon and walked down the main street looking at the stores. There were such frocks in the milliners' windows as one sees in Bond Street, for the wives and daughters of B.C. ranchmen have taste in dress, and demand a tasteful supply. I dropped into a book and drug store, and looked along the shelves. There was a beautiful uniform edition of Joseph Conrad's works, there was the last volume in the uniform edition of Frank Swinnerton's novels; there were novels by Bennett and Hugh Walpole; there were editions of Stevenson, of Scott, and Dickens. There were also some terrible novels, in delightful jackets, of course. There were magazines wild and magazines literary, and many journals devoted to automobile and motor-boat lore. By the side-walk motor cars filled up with gasoline from a device like a pillar-box, which registers pints and gallons consumed by individual purchasers, and also calculates, and records on a dial, the annual consumption. I booked a room with its own private bathroom; I went to the dining-room and ate as good a dinner as any of the best London hotels provide, but at a much lower cost, and dipped my fingers at the end into a bronze finger-bowl.

Later in the evening, after the mosquito-hawks had ceased with the last of the wonderful sunset, the night being very warm I went leisurely into a café and sat down at a table to consider the bill of fare, set in a neat aluminium holder. There were about a hundred entries, and I chose a Banana Split. A Banana

Split is, in short, a split banana; the two halves are laid on a long narrow dish, and on them are set three kinds of ice cream. At whichever end you begin to eat, each little clotted tower of cream seems better than its predecessor. The place was brilliantly lit, and the broad floor was of polished hardwood. As I sat in subdued ecstasy over my ranged ices, music began, and couples rose from the tables to dance. A friend entered and sat beside me.

"Do you see that fellow dancing with the girl in pink?" he asked.

I nodded.

"That's Williamson. It was he who captured Big John after his first bank hold-up."

I sat staring at Williamson and his partner as they fox-trotted round the café. Outside were the concrete side-walks and the plate-glass windows, and streets bright with their clustered electric globes in the dark blue night. Beyond were the foothills, dotted with fruit-ranches; a distant spark or two, like dropped stars, in the outer blackness, indicated the whereabouts of the nearest. Away beyond these ranches are still the mountains, forested and snow-tipped, with coyotes, bear, deer, and an odd wolf or two. It was away beyond these mountains, just humps of black lost in the night now, that Big John, owing to an accident to his horse, was caught. And here I have a confession to make. I cannot explain why, but it did not seem right to my mind that Williamson (he who had captured the Old Timer) should be dancing with the girl in pink on that hardwood floor. I made no reply to my informant; I merely stared glumly at the policeman and recalled Big John. He was a wonderful man. He could ride anything with hair on it. He came in here, through Idaho and into B.C. before the railway. He knew all the Indians of his wide section by name, and all the Indian trails. I do not know how long the dance went on, how long I stared at the dancers. I think my friend was staring at them in much the same way. His voice at last brought me back with a start from my thoughts of the days before apple trees.

"Big John was worth two of him," was what he murmured in my ear.

I nodded in agreement. Probably we were both wrong. Of course we were! But I tell all this, and how I felt, not egotistically, not only because it is how I felt, but because that is how, it seems, most feel; that is the attitude of most men to such celebrities as Big John. Afterwards I was introduced to Williamson, and when the hold-up man was mentioned, I discovered, to my final flabbergastion, that it was the policeman's view, too.

"You bet your life," said Williamson, "Big John was some man. We had a great time, him and me, when I was bringing him back. It was only by an accident to his boss I got him." He dropped his voice. "I nearly let him slip, and that's no josh; for Big John was a great man. I was kind of glad when he managed to break jail. Trails! Why, he knew all the old trails. And shoot! And ride! He had no use for automobiles, but I tell you, sir, he could ride anything with hair on it."

FREDERICK NIVEN.

## Letters to the Editor.

### IS THERE A NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE?

SIR,—I am glad to read "Wayfarer's" outspoken comments on the decay of the Nonconformist conscience. Our timid, reactionary leaders will not like his vigorous attack, but the younger men will warmly welcome it. Seventeen bishops have protested against reprisals in Ireland, but I only know of two Free Church leaders who have had the courage to oppose them. No wonder that Lord Hugh Cecil is inquiring about the Nonconformist conscience, for, judging by our official leaders, it has practically ceased to work. The



younger and more ardent men are dead against the Government's methods of barbarism, but in recent years they have relied on that pretentious and moribund institution, the Free Church Council, to organize Nonconformist opinion on public questions, and they have been badly let down.

Last year Dr. John Kelman, in his Yale lectures, threw a halo of idealism over the war, and declared that it would lead to moral regeneration. Now we know that the war has resulted in the death of idealism, the demoralization of society, and the degradation of politics. Moral standards have been lowered, there is a general hardening of hearts, and the world is cursed by a brutal materialism. One would have expected Dr. Kelman to repent and recant. He has done nothing of the kind. He has published a second book, "Some Aspects of International Christianity," even worse than the first. In this book he declares that public and national morality must be fixed mainly in accordance with the standard of the average man. "Legislation can never represent the highest ideals of the highest men in the nation. It can only represent the conscience of the average man." He attacks the people who would abolish navies, disband armies, and trust in God. Sacrifice, he says, for a nation may simply be breach of trust. The nation's first duty is to defend its people and their interests against the cupidity, fraud, and violence of other States. When the State requires action which does not commend itself to the individual conscience, the individual may, and ought to, subordinate his own opinions to those of the State. He is opposed to the admission of Germany to the League of Nations. He says "there can be no word of letting bygones be bygones. We are dealing with the most frightful dangers to unborn generations in every country, and any sentimental forgiveness would be an un-Christian and insane forgiveness. Here, as everywhere else, conversion must be demanded as a condition of forgiveness." This stuff is too much even for the Editor of the "British Weekly," who reminds Dr. Kelman that there are deep secrets in the words "overcome evil with good."

I remember that during the Christmas of 1916 I heard a sermon by a distinguished Nonconformist preacher, who felt he ought to say something about peace. "We long for peace," he said, "we believe in peace, and we pray for it, but it must be a durable peace, and we can have no peace without victory." (Since then he has seen what victory is like without peace, and I hope he likes it.) The next day I met some young officers home on Christmas leave. One of them had seen me at the service, and he told me he had gone to church to please his mother, but never again. "That preacher," he said, "stands up to an adoring congregation in a beautiful church. He goes back to his comfortable manse, and finds his slippers by the fire and a good supper ready for him. He lives in a town where there are no raids. Yet he has the damned cheek to get up and say to us: 'Go back to cold and filth and blood and beastliness. Go back, and get on with the killing.'"

About the same time I heard a very popular Free Church leader pray for victory: "If it be Thy will," he said, "send us a speedy victory that our faith fail not." When the war was over a Nonconformist leader, speaking at a great thanksgiving service, said that after four years of fighting God had intervened and given us the victory. This excellent man was very angry with the Americans for coming in so late—he must also have been a little annoyed with God who, on his theory, came in rather later. Can we be surprised that young people who listened to this kind of talk are to-day absent from our Churches? After a very bad air-raid I met an ex-Chairman of the Congregational Union indignantly demanding reprisals. He would bomb the German towns vigorously and systematically. He asked me if I didn't agree. "Yes," I replied, "I agree—if there is no God." I never saw a Christian man so angry.

Our leaders who supported the knock-out blow have also accepted the knock-out peace. They support a Government whose hands are stained with innocent blood, and a House of Commons that believes in nothing but property and force. They have heard of millions of money and hundreds of lives sacrificed in Mesopotamia—apparently to hold down oil wells for capitalists. They have read of air raids on Arabs. They will help to pay a hundred millions for Mr. Churchill's adventures in Russia. What will they not stand?

And what of Ireland? A friend of mine in Bradford

went the other night to a great Nonconformist demonstration to hear one of our popular orators. He expected that this Christian preacher would utter some protest against terrorism in Ireland. He heard an impassioned demand for the suppression of cinemas. Recently a well-known Free Church preacher was discussing the situation in Ireland with an Anglican clergyman. "My dear man," said the Nonconformist, "there is only one thing to be done with these people—shoot 'em down."

Young Nonconformists are amazed and perplexed by the impotence of leaders who never protested against the raids, arrests, imprisonments, deportations, and suppression of newspapers, which took place long before any policemen were murdered. Free Church leaders hated Prussianism in Belgium, but they do not seem to object to it in Ireland.

Some years ago a group of eccentric Russians belonged to a weird religion which compelled them occasionally to go naked. They suffered great persecution and emigrated to Canada. One day the community where they settled was shocked to hear of wild Russians wandering about naked. The police went off hurriedly in pursuit, and as it was a very hot day they threw off their outer garments. They continued running in the blazing sun and before long the respectable Canadian policemen were as naked as the misguided Russians. This is a parable. In August, 1914, we set out to kill Prussianism. . . .

To return to Nonconformity—I still believe in it with all my heart and soul. The fire may burn low, but it has never gone out and never will. We may have to repudiate some of the leaders, but we shall not surrender our faith. —Yours, &c.,

NONCONFORMIST.

SIR,—Your words about modern Nonconformity, in your last issue, are bitter words. That there is truth in them is not to be denied, but they would be more convincing if they were more qualified. I, at least, am sure that the majority of Nonconformists are neither blind to the evil of Governmental connivance at "Reprisals" in Ireland, nor are they tied to the chariot wheels of the Prime Minister.

The fact remains that Nonconformity has made no vocal corporate protest. May I suggest an explanation? For many years we have depended on a great Nonconformist organization—the Free Church Council—to voice our protests when necessary. It has become strangely silent. Why does it do nothing? In 1906 it organized demonstrations in every part of the country to protest against the evil acts of the Government of that day. Why is it silent now, when its voice is so much more needed? For some reason or other the Free Church Council is marked, at present, by a political timidity which makes many people question its future usefulness. The silence of this organization must not be taken to indicate the indifference of Nonconformity. The Nonconformist conscience is alive. If the Free Church Council finds no way of doing its proper work, Nonconformists must and will find methods of protesting in God's name against deeds which dishonor England, and are an outrage on their most cherished principles.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. MARK RATTENBURY.

Kingsway Hall, W.C.

SIR,—Whilst agreeing with "Wayfarer" that not one of the Nonconformist leaders has raised his voice against the damnable and provocative Government policy of reprisals in Ireland (with the exception, I should say, of Dr. Garvie, who has repeatedly denounced those methods as absolutely dishonorable and un-Christian), I violently disagree with him when he says that Nonconformity as a whole was regrettably silent.

Now, sir, I don't know the attitude of other districts, but in our district the only voices we hear raised against reprisals are our Congregational minister, and the Congregational editor of the local Liberal paper—and both Welshmen forsooth.

Only last Sunday evening we had a slashing attack on the reprisals, in a sermon delivered by our minister, who admirably contrasted Abraham Lincoln's greatness of soul

with the littleness of the men who govern us to-day and their entire lack of vision in their dealings with Ireland.

I feel I would like you, sir, and also the readers of our paper, to know that Nonconformity in at least one little district, has still a belief in first principles and courage enough to declare them (for courage is needed in after-war England).

The greatest obstacle that is encountered is the sanctioning of reprisals during the late (?) war, and their alleged success. It was when reprisals were allowed against the Germans that the mischief was committed, *for reprisals must be resisted always* or not at all.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE THORNES.

642, Huddersfield-road, Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury.

SIR,—Is not your scathing attack on Nonconformity too severe in this week's copy of THE NATION? Severe in that it is altogether too sweeping, in asserting we are all sunk to mere "followers of the State, flatterers of its follies, apologists of its crimes."

We have half-a-dozen Free Church ministers in this neighborhood, and all of them have preached or spoken against meeting crime with crime. Whilst we repudiate with loathing the murders by the agents of Sinn Féin, we have an equal detestation of actions which invoke the death of innocent people.

The Church is at war with the rulers of spiritual wickedness in high places—those dark forces which rule and govern this world. Constitutionally we can only work and wait for the next General Election. I feel confident that hundreds of the younger men in Nonconformity stand for freedom, justice, and truth. So it seems to me full and adequate justice is not done in your usually fair criticism in "A Wayfarer's" notes.—Yours, &c.,

(Rev.) FRANCIS H. J. THORNTON.

East View, Crosshills, Keighley.

SIR,—I should like to thank you for your criticisms of the silence of Nonconformity. I write as one of the youngest and most obscure of its ministers, and I am frankly disgusted with the feebleness of our "leaders." Possibly, having given their support to our "Nonconformist" Premier, they think their reputation as prophets will suffer if they show any sign of changed opinion. Better that "righteousness should stand afar off" and "truth be fallen down in the street," than that they should lose their reputation for consistency and insight. And so they continue to drone out their comfortable platitudes.

I am sufficiently steeped in ignorance to feel thankful that I gave my vote against our "Nonconformist" Prime Minister at the last election, and to take every opportunity in my limited sphere to denounce the devilish work of the Government in Ireland and elsewhere.

There are, however, one or two of our leaders who are an exception to the general rule—among them Dr. Garvie, Dr. Clifford (who has done his part), and Dr. Orchard, who although denounced by his brethren, is the best Nonconformist of them all, for he refuses to conform to "Nonconformity."—Yours, &c.,

PENDAL BENTALL.

Bedford.

SIR,—Are you quite fair to-day, at any rate to the Baptist Union? I have no concern here with Dr. Roberts's controversy with the "Manchester Guardian." I have read the letters on both sides, and consider his attack a failure. But at its last meeting, the Council of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland instructed the Public Questions Committee to prepare, and publish, a resolution; the "Manchester Guardian" has already printed it in full. It was as follows—

"The Council of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland expresses its horror and indignation at the policy of assassination which members of the Sinn Féin have directed against the police and soldiers in Ireland; and it approves of every necessary measure aimed at

bringing criminals to justice. But it calls upon His Majesty's Government to suppress reprisals with the utmost rigor, both as contrary to the conception and administration of law and order, and also as calculated to produce serious results in other parts of the British Empire, and to entail disastrous penalties upon us as a nation in our relation to other peoples. It earnestly urges the Government to attempt to bring together the body of moderate public opinion in Ireland, doubtless horrified at the present situation, with a view to the formulation of a policy which would make a beginning of an era of mutual toleration, if not of goodwill."

I suppose you would call me one of the younger men in Nonconformity; but I confess that the resolution of the Baptist Union Council does not leave me "ashamed of my chieftains' cowardice and want of insight." It is one of the best resolutions I have seen.

I was present at last Tuesday night's great meeting in the Birmingham Town Hall. I saw many Free Church ministers around me on the platform. And is not Sir John Simon himself a Nonconformist?—Yours, &c.,

JOHN IVORY CRIPPS.

10, Beaufort Road, Edgbaston.

SIR,—It is a rather suggestive coincidence that "Wayfarer's" criticism of the attitude of the Nonconformist Churches towards Irish reprisals should have appeared in the same number of THE NATION as the review of Mr. Fullerton's "Life of Spurgeon." During the past two months I have lectured in a number of Nonconformist chapels and have had the opportunity of many conversations with Nonconformist ministers. It seems to me a fair assumption from the records of his life that Spurgeon would have been by no means outraged by Black-and-Tan reprisals as an answer to Sinn Féin assassinations, while one is quite certain that the Dr. Clifford of twenty years ago would have been vehement in his denunciations. The fact seems to be that the Nonconformist Churches began to be insistently humanitarian when they ceased to hold the belief that all the unconverted were destined to eternal damnation.

As far as I can gather, the modern Nonconformist minister is in a curious state of uncertainty about everything. Many of the younger ministers served as chaplains during the war, and I think, to some extent, they have been affected by the military spirit. They seem to me to be doubtful about doctrine and doubtful about Church practice, and generally bewildered, and this state of uncertainty may be the reason why the Churches are unable to give the nation any sort of lead. There is extraordinary vitality and enthusiasm in a great many of the Brotherhoods that meet in chapels on Sunday afternoons, and the interest of the audiences is very wide and very inspiring. The Brotherhoods, however, seem to avoid political questions, and the leadership of the most successful of them is definitely lay. I imagine, however, from my experience, that the majority of the members of the really lively Brotherhoods belong to the Labor Party.—Yours, &c.,

SIDNEY DARK.

The Savage Club, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. 2.

SIR,—The power of the printed word is proverbially great, but not until last week did I realize how prone one is to accept for granted what one reads, say, in a "London Diary" of "A Wayfarer." Of course, the printed word exercises its power over us in the realm of those matters of which we have only indirect knowledge. When "Wayfarer" speaks of Italy or Russia we take for granted what he says—what else can we do, since we know so precious little of Italy or Russia? But at times "Wayfarer" wanders into territory very well known to us—to some of us. He did last week, for example, and lo, our God is shattered, and we espy the man speaking his oracles through the lips of the idol. It is all very shattering and disillusioning, but it is part of the discipline of life.

I am a Nonconformist, and I happen to know Dr. Roberts, of Manchester, and it is quite obvious that I know Nonconformity and Dr. Roberts very much better than "Wayfarer" does, and what "Wayfarer" says about both is a sheer travesty of the facts.

Take the case of Dr. Roberts. Anyone who knows Dr. Roberts knows very well that he is the last person to condone reprisals or to give unqualified support to any

Government To a friend of Dr. Roberts the interpretation of his correspondence to the "Manchester Guardian" was not difficult. What Dr. Roberts suspects is that some people and some papers are making party capital out of this wretched and dishonoring business of reprisals in Ireland. I am not agreeing or disagreeing with the Doctor, but I suggest that this interpretation is very different from the one given by "Wayfarer," and I have a remembrance that a similar suspicion has been expressed in previous issues of THE NATION.

But the real shattering of our oracle came further on in the "Diary" when Nonconformity as a whole was attacked and, I am quite sure, grossly misrepresented. Surely it is ludicrous to place the responsibility for the protraction of the war upon the shoulders of English Nonconformity. Apart from the fact that this foists far more power on us than in our wildest dreams we ever thought we possessed, the innuendo is unfair. I thought it was the country that insisted on going on to a finish, or rather, that part of the country that was vocal, and I know that when public sentiment was strong against them many Nonconformists called for a spirit of reconciliation and attacked the so-called Peace Treaty. Like any other religious body, Nonconformity is made up of all sections of the community, and one can only judge its sentiment by the general temper that animates its rank and file. Has "Wayfarer" endeavored to discover what that is? How could he discover what that is unless he were part of it? Nonconformity has no Press apart from its domestic papers. Nonconformity is not organized as a political party, nor is it a homogeneous whole. Its leaders are individual members speaking for themselves alone, and often speaking contrary to the general sentiment of the body. But, as a member of a Nonconformist body, I can assure "Wayfarer" that we resent such a description of us as is conveyed in such a sentence as this from his pen: "And now their descendants have sunk to mere followers of the State, flatterers of its follies, apologists of its crimes." We resent that because it is not even a travesty; it is a complete misrepresentation.

We have many faults to correct, many sins to confess, and many weaknesses to deplore, but we are not that, and never less than to-day. If "Wayfarer" only knew he would be speaking of the new life and new hopefulness which are animating young Nonconformity of to-day. He would speak of men and women who are learning to transcend their differences, who are catching glimpses of a Kingdom of God, who, midst all their weaknesses feel the call of God to attempt great things, and who with new hope and the sense of new strength greet the Unknown with a cheer. Far from pouring the contempt of the uninitiated upon them he would see in these restless, praying, hoping groups of men and women much more promise for the future than he finds to-day in the councils and the courts of the mighty.

Ah! but the pity of it is that one has heard the man trying to speak the oracles of the God, and such disillusionment is always painful.—Yours, &c.,

(REV.) J. O. HAGGER.

Middlesbrough.

#### SPURGEON.

SIR,—In your interesting article on Spurgeon you go too far when you say he had "read nothing."

He did not, it is true, read either newspapers or novels, but he was, after his own fashion, and in obedience to his own tastes, a great reader. His "Commentary on the Psalms," which extends over many volumes and still enjoys a wide circulation, is choke full of reading. Jonathan Edwards and John Goodwin, the Puritan Divine, were great favorites.

I have heard Spurgeon preach in my father's chapel in Liverpool, and shall never forget my horror at seeing him desperately sick in the vestry just before the beginning of the service. I quite thought I was to be in "at the death," but I was mistaken, for after the attack was over, and he had enjoyed a copious ablution, he remarked, cheerfully: "An empty house is better than a bad tenant." He then mounted the pulpit, and held his audience spell-bound.

I only once heard him preach in his own ugly tabernacle. I was seated in a high and crowded gallery, between a gentle-

man who ostentatiously sucked an orange (it was a hot day) and a lady who kept biting sumptuously at a sandwich. All of a sudden, I heard Spurgeon, with that beautiful voice of his and his perfect articulation, quote three lines from Keats! They still sound in my ears, and no wonder! for they were from "Endymion":—

"Strange ministrant of undescended sounds,  
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,  
And wither drearily on barren moors—"

Straightway I forgot my surroundings, including the half-sucked orange and the nibbled sandwich, and was borne aloft on the broad wings of poesy.

Ever since that day I never hear Spurgeon accused of illiteracy but I murmur to myself those three glorious lines, so magnificently rendered, by way of protest.—Yours, &c.,

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

#### "PURGATORY."

SIR,—In your article on Spurgeon I note a statement very commonly made, but one which a little reflection will, I think, show to be false. Your article describes the Roman doctrine of Purgatory as a "concession to human weakness" by which there is a mitigation of "the clear-cut division between everlasting happiness and everlasting torment, separated by a gulf which no soul could ever cross." As a matter of fact, the Roman doctrine of Purgatory leaves this division as clear-cut and this gulf as unbridged as any Protestant system. Purgatory is no abiding middle state, no continuance of probation. It is merely the vestibule of heaven. The eternal destiny of the individual is settled absolutely, according to Roman doctrine, at his death. If he goes in the first instance to Purgatory, it is because he is already elect indefinitely for eternal happiness. Readers of Dante may remember how he congratulates repeatedly the souls in Purgatory on this fact; there is no longer any doubt about their salvation; security has taken the place of probation; for them the eternal settlement has been made, and has been made for their weal. Protestantism no doubt maintained, in opposition to Rome, that every soul destined for eternal happiness went immediately to heaven at death, without passing through any purgatorial vestibule; but Romans no less than Protestants assert that at death each soul passed irrevocably into the company either of the saved or the damned. In this respect Protestants simply followed what was in the sixteenth century the unquestioned belief of practically all Christendom.—Yours, &c.,

EDWYN BEVAN.

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

#### Poetry.

##### MOON-STRUCK.

It is strange to come back to earth  
After being away  
Under the moon with Beauty  
For a holiday.

It is better to go with her  
Than with another friend . . .  
To go together down so many roads  
With a different end.

When she calls, "Come! Come!"  
O wander far!  
Sometimes the end is a ghost,  
Sometimes a star.

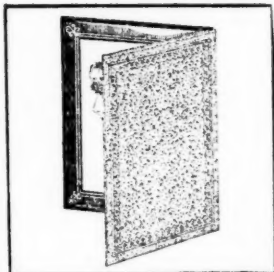
But the moon-lit hide-and-seek  
Does not last long:  
It is sad to come back from the Land of Youth  
And Beauty's song,

To find the same dusty roads  
And the roofs of grey;  
And no one has missed you, no one knows  
You have been away.

ANGELA CAVE.



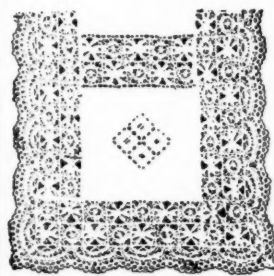
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## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Aspects of Literature." By J. Middleton Murry. (Collins. 10s.)
- "Dead Man's Plack and An Old Thorn." By W. H. Hudson. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)
- "Ireland under the Normans." Vols. 3 and 4. By Goddard Henry Orpen. (Oxford University Press. 30s.)
- "Poems." By Wilfred Owen. With an Introduction by Siegfried Sassoon. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)
- "The Journey." Odes and Sonnets. By Gerald Gould. (Collins. 6s.)
- "Life of Horace Benedict de Saussure." By Douglas W. Freshfield. (Arnold. 25s.)
- "Irish Unionism." By James Winder Good. (Talbot Press. 6s.)
- "The Age of Innocence." By Edith Wharton. (Appleton. 8s. 6d.)

WHEN Lamb said, "for my part . . . I have no hesitation in declaring that a mob of happy faces crowding up at the pit door at Drury Lane Theatre, just at the hour of six, gives me ten thousand times more pleasure than I could ever receive from all the flock of silly sheep that ever whitened the plains of Arcadia or Epsom Downs," we think we know the mood he was in. Was it in Arcadia that he wrote the essay in which that passage appears, or was it written shortly after a return to town? We have, in the past, felt as he did about London, when we were away from it, or when we had just arrived at one of its main railway stations, after a long absence, between midnight and the dawn, or just when the milk chariots first appear, and you can see the chimneys on a sky which seems to be getting light. The capital then is strangely familiar, as though it had been waiting for us, leisurely and amiable. We know then there is no place in the world like London.

BUT that mood passes. Londoners to-day take refuge from their city in dreams of honest pig farms or of even more remote cocoa-nut groves. They would escape to something slower than that capital of theirs, where the social excitants maintain a tension of emotion which is frequently officially encouraged into mass hysteria. Perhaps it is the greater speed of the traffic in the streets which has over-wound our minds. For is not central mid-day London to-day a little terrifying? Lamb's London was not a dizzy vortex of motor traffic—heavy torrents of lorries and motor 'buses, swift and unexpected eddies of taxis, conflicting tides and cross currents of quick and ruthless engines. Lamb could not have walked through such a London as we know chuckling to himself over the latest joke about Coleridge, or discovering that "her noise, her crowds, her beloved smoke" helped his humor when thinking over, as he made his way home to supper, how to put Mrs. Battle in the light in which it was best to see her. Not in our London. If he had tried it on, he would not have reached home till after the inquest.

LONDON no more than thirty years ago was a city as different in movement and temper from to-day's city as it was from Tudor London. Perhaps it is no more possible for a sane person to love Charing Cross as we know it than to love hanging to the couplings of a forgetful and hurried locomotive. When horses gave us the movements in the roadway, there was rhythm; there were measures which commonly were not faster than our thoughts. One could keep up with that London easily. In perfect abstraction we made pace with the movement, and without knowing it. But there is no rhythm in London movements to-day. The tides in the streets reel and spin incessantly, and accelerate and check without apparent reason. The man whose thoughts keep time with London's motor traffic must be one of those who excel at thinking out plans to raise popular applause while destroying a little more liberty in the home of the free. It

may be the right stimulant, it may even brighten as well as quicken the nimble wits of those who rig thimbles, or three cards, or practical politics. But it would give Charles Lamb vertigo.

That streaked and senseless blur which is London as modern speed permits us to see it, occasionally steadies and becomes fixed, and at leisure we can survey the established city which our fathers knew. It comes back to let us look at it, and to regret, if we please, the past. One may see it, as a spectre, by leaving Charing Cross, and standing midway on the footway over the railway bridge. Is there in the world another city which, with the aid of a winter afternoon's haze and some friendly sentiment on the part of the beholder, can compare then with those remote and faintly luminous palaces that we see eastward, with a river below, which is only a mist more dense, and Waterloo Bridge spanning a profound chasm like the austere dark passage from one world to the next? That is the London we prefer to remember, when not there. That, and things such as are shown in the happy collection of pictures, just published as a special number of "The Studio," called "Londoners, Then and Now, as Pictured by Their Contemporaries."

WE have to make what pictures we can of the streets of medieval and Tudor London, for only the historians and the poets can help us there. But the Eastcheap of the Canterbury Pilgrims is easily seen from this, after all:—

"Then I hyed me into Est-Chepe;  
One cryes rybbs of befe, and many a pye;  
Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape;  
There was harpe, pype, and mynstrelsy.  
'Yea, by cock! nay, by cock!' some began crye:  
Some songe of Jenken and Julyan for their mede;  
But for lack of mony I might not spede."

There is but one picture of Elizabethan London in all this collection, "A Wedding Festival in Bermondsey," 1590, by George Hoefnagel. Past elm trees and a few timbered houses we look across to the Tower. The next picture is of—the Monument. It is an anonymous engraving, dated about 1680. For on that night in September, 1666, when a baker in Pudding Lane "left his Providence with his slippers," and some bavins to dry in his oven, the London that Shakespeare knew was doomed. It was almost burned out. A new London began, and this collection deals almost wholly with it. Indeed, with the exception of two prints, only the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and our own times, are pictured.

THE Tyburn crowd (there is a grand stand at the back of it) attending the execution of Hogarth's "Idle Apprentice," has a dreadful fascination. These were our forebears. The picture shows the triangular gallows, which for years was as familiar to Londoners as is the Marble Arch now standing quite near the same spot, with the executioner's assistant astride a beam, coolly finishing his pipe while watching the approaching tumbril. The Tyburn crowd is evidently enjoying itself seriously, as would the spectators to-day at a football cup final. Hogarth's genius, which might be tipping the wink to posterity, which is us, as an assurance that he was not going to keep anything from us, first excites our curiosity in these ancestors of ours, and then terrifies us with the revelation of our own faces in that mob.

THE uncanny thing about this collection of prints and water-colors of London life, all of them more or less well-known, is that though when examining those of the eighteenth century we are sure they tell us what that time was like—just as we are sure when looking at prints of the Victorian era—yet we do not see ourselves in the representations of our own day. Something has gone wrong somewhere. There are twenty prints of our own London. They tell us very little. London is now another city. Perhaps it is too soon to see it as it is. Perhaps we have no Hogarth

H. M. T.

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By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

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Let me briefly state the woollen situation. All the woollen materials for next winter (November, 1921), are already manufactured. They are now being sold to merchants and there is no drop in price on those of 1920. West End tailoring wages are up 100 per cent. on the pre-war rate, therefore it is illogical to anticipate any appreciable reduction in the price of men's clothes until 1922—if then. These are the facts of costs.

The chief problem, however, of employers to-day is the question of employment. And to create employment I have determined to foster production to its utmost at any personal cost.

In doing so I lay no claim to philanthropy or altruism, and any apparent virtue must be distinctly qualified.

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Speere.



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## Reviews.

### THE UNTIDY GENTLEMAN.

"The New Jerusalem." By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.)

"I AM so constituted," writes Mr. Chesterton, "as to be capable of losing my way in my own village and almost in my own house. And I am prepared to maintain that the privilege is a poetic one." It is; but privileges entail duties, especially in poetry. When a writer is a pedestrian who always knows where he is, few graces are expected of him, but he who loses his way should drop some flowers behind him if we are to follow him with any pleasure. Mr. Chesterton drops numerous objects, but none of them are flowers. A waistcoat button, a Christmas cracker, the Kaiser's moustachios, a pilgrim's medal and flask, an umbrella, and a cockatrice's egg, are insufficient reward, especially when the egg is admittedly a golf ball; and the reader, as he picks up these relics of the promenade and ranges them on his desk, wonders whether the promenade itself was worth while. Unconscious of the gloom he leaves behind him, Mr. Chesterton rambles ahead, interested and cheerful, and copiously explaining that the whole point of a cockatrice's egg is that it shall not be laid by a cockatrice, that an umbrella is never really lost until it has been found, and he himself never found until he has been really lost, that he cannot recognize his house because he lives in it, but is sure this is Jerusalem because he has never been here before. The gloom behind him deepens. We are not amused, as Queen Victoria once said. And, as Prince Albert might have added, we are not convinced. "The New Jerusalem" seems to us neither funny nor true. If it charmed—ah! that would be another matter, and criticism would cease. Give us beauty, please, beauty for Christmas, the beauty of "L'annonce faite à Marie." In the snow-bound wood where the King of France rides through the dark to be crowned and Violaine repeats the mystery of the Nativity—in that wood we do not ask: "Is it true?" When we read the words, "Vergine madre, figlia del tuo figlio" we do not complain "too paradoxical." Claudel and Dante are writing, great poets, who pay their way. But from Mr. Chesterton we receive little but rhetoric, symbolism, and japes, yet he claims beauty's privilege.

In one respect the book is admirable. The waistcoat button, so to speak, fell off quite a jolly waistcoat. Though controversial, the owner is always good-tempered and polite; there is none of the bullying that sometimes accompanies opinions such as his. The opinions resemble those of his friend Mr. Belloc; a devout Catholic, he hopes for a Christian hegemony over Palestine and indeed over Asia, for a restoration and extension of the Empire of Rome, whereunder the whole world shall gradually be united to the Church. Meanwhile, he would solve the Jewish question by the establishment of cantons or enclaves, not only in Palestine but throughout Christendom, wherever Jews have settled. These recommendations do not seem very practical. Asia is disinclined for a hegemony, indeed quite cynical about it, nor does one see one's Jewish friends entering enclaves; those enclaves used to be called ghettos, and their memory is unpopular. Nor can the problem of Southern Syria be settled without considering the Hedjaz and the promises we have made there; he never discusses the Hedjaz, which shows how perfunctory is his political survey. Still, his book must not be judged on its politics. Whatever its recommendations, its methods are courteous, and express goodwill. Mocking neither Jew, Moslem, nor Atheist, he writes as a gentleman about gentlemen.

But what an untidy gentleman! Again and again the reflection intrudes. In little things as in large, how unkempt! Take a small point—his quotations. He never seems to know where they come from. It is "Somewhere Stevenson has it"; or "In the Apocalypse somewhere." "In the Apocalypse somewhere there is an inspiringly unintelligible allusion to men coming on the earth whose hair is like the hair of women and their teeth like the teeth of lions. (The reference is Rev. ix., 8; the allusion not to men but to locusts.) And—passing to more important matter—his writing is so slovenly that the sentences often unwind into the contrary of what he intends.

Here is a typical example. Anxious to exalt theology he writes: "The old joke that the Greek sects only differed by a single letter is about the lamest and most illogical joke in the world. An atheist and a theist only differ by a single letter; yet theologians are so subtle as to distinguish definitely between them." Now the Greek sects in question are presumably the Homoousian and the Homoiousian. The first name means "of the same substance," the second "of similar substance," so the letter "i" which makes the difference between them cannot be said to make much difference. But the letter "a" makes much difference if placed before "theist," because it means "not." Old joke or new, which is the lamer and the more illogical? Mr. Chesterton never ceases making such jokes. He makes them not out of dishonesty. They are rather the natural jollity of a man who is proud of not knowing where he is.

And when we turn from style to subject-matter, the untidiness increases. Two examples shall be taken, his attitude towards Symbolism and towards Tradition. Symbols have their own value in the enrichment of life, they stimulate emotion, they help concentration, but they are dangerous playthings for an untidy man. "That reminds me of . . ." he thinks, and because his mind is dishevelled he confuses a reminder with a proof. Symbols are employed as proofs all through "The New Jerusalem." In the opening chapter the dog symbolizes Merrie England, the donkey Bethlehem, and both are used to prove the existence of such places. All objects that intersect at right-angles become proofs of the truth of Christianity. Snow falls when Mr. Chesterton reaches Jerusalem, admittedly a rare occurrence. But it makes the city look like a Gothic town, and so proves that it should be restored to Christendom. Contributory proofs, be it understood; Mr. Chesterton could hold his faith without them, for it is personal and profound. But he is always teasing objects to become symbols in order to reinforce that faith, and unless they are useful in this way he takes no notice of them. Thus symbolism makes him not only superstitious, but unobservant also. It saves him the trouble of looking at an object for its own sake. His dog isn't a dog, it stands for something else, and so with the crossroads at Beaconsfield, the crossed carpentry of Godfrey de Bouillon's tower, and the snowstorm. He does not see them, and consequently we do not see them. We do not even see Jerusalem, because there, as in England, he is not looking at his surroundings, but is spinning connections between the rafters of his own brain. He speaks of the East, the Desert, Alexandria, the Sphinx, but no visual images arise. He misses the external beauty of the world—yes, here we are again; the book lacks beauty.

With Tradition we reach the heart of the matter, for it is for a tradition's sake that this long wander is undertaken. What does he imagine that tradition to be? To reply "Christianity" is inadequate, because he adds certain beliefs that are not shared by a good many Christians. He believes, for instance, that while there is One God, whom the Jews were the first to select, there are also many gods, worshipped by the surrounding nations at the time, and by Indians and even by Europeans to-day. He believes that Palestine was the One God's barrier against the seething deities of the East, and that its rocky ridge must be recaptured and held by Christendom, as the Crusaders realized. He points out that the desert was always the home of strange and malignant powers, that Islam was a one-sided revolt against them, and that the Bedouin to-day gets news before it can arrive by telegram. He will not summon Science to examine this or other problems, partly because Science uses long words, partly because he regards it as discredited. But he knows every tradition to be true, for this reason: certain people believe it to be true. Taking the medal that has slipped off his watch chain or the golf ball that has rolled out through the hole in his pocket, he will say in effect: "You think this a golf ball, but the priests and pilgrims whom I have seen in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre know it to be the egg of a cockatrice. If you contradict them you, not they, are idolatrous, because you only look to the visible object and ignore the emotions that it can inspire. (see p. 64 for the argument.) Moreover, are you sure? Your Einstein teaches that exteriors are not what they seem, your Freud the same about interiors. (p. 159.) Viewing it merely as scientific object,

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are you quite sure that there is not a wriggle in the folds of the gutta-percha? The golf ball is about to hatch, and if so—." And he rambles on, breaking off every now and then to laugh, and careful to avoid rigid exposition. It is difficult to grapple with an argument so protean, but one must indicate the constant confusion between tradition and fact, between the emotions about an object and the object itself. This confusion is the soul of the book. When the people who have emotions are priests and pilgrims, they become, though not very explicitly, Mr. Chesterton's guides, and they can alter the object itself into another object of supernatural import. He knows it is a golf ball really, he knows that the Church of the Sepulchre is an eighteenth-century lumber-room, but he cannot resist the temptation of getting lost, and of misleading as many of his readers as is possible. It is so picturesque and such fun, and if you don't think it fun here's this Christmas cracker to pull, and if you don't like Christmas crackers, you are a goose, and I'll give you a good bang with my umbrella.

#### THE DETACHMENT OF MR. SANTAYANA.

"Character and Opinion in the United States." By GEORGE SANTAYANA. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

ONE of the least comforting features of this not very comfortable age is that it is debarred not only from practising but from appreciating perhaps the rarest and certainly the most valuable of the intellectual virtues, a true detachment. We have long since given up thinking about the things that most truly concern us; we have no time, we are engaged in a struggle, partly for the bare opportunity of life, more generally against a force or a spirit that is too big, too omnipresent for us to define. The struggle against it is so overwhelming, the sweat so blinds our eyes, that we cannot see, cannot pause to distinguish what we are struggling for. Few and far between are the Pisgah-sights now vouchsafed us; our famished glimpses of the jewels of life are so rare that they bewilder rather than encourage us. We have seen with our eyes the shipwreck of a religion and a morality in which, for all our scepticism, we obscurely trusted; we have watched a whole system in which our things of price had their place and function disappear into the deeps. In our little boats we scurry about, tugging feverishly at the oars, to rescue fragments of comeliness and virtue, and we forget that their meaning is lost. In the splendid worm-eaten ship that was they had their office and their beauty. Heaped, jumbled, and dripping in our little boats they are only patriotic relics of the past.

Yet, even though we feel obscurely that all is to begin again, we are too deeply involved in the work of salvage to dream of building a great ship once more. We resent those who call to us to pause, to set a course and steer by it. The waves are too high; the sheer wall of hostile water bears down upon us. To surmount this one monstrous wave, and then the next, is all that we can do—all, we cry, that mortal man can be called upon to do. And we feel towards a master of detachment like Mr. Santayana that he does not understand the perils with which we are surrounded: he appears to us like the Lucretian spectator

"Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis  
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem . . ."

and because we are secretly aware of its truth we are a little hostile to the Lucretian warning which he sounds in our ears—"et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas."

The warning is cold; we are stripped and shivering, and desire that someone should rather cast a cloak about us. We cannot change in a day; we were sentimentalists before the disaster, and we tend to sentimentalize over it now. We want to be the heroes of a romantic tragedy, charming dreamers of a beautiful dream frustrated by the event, not fools who could not see the fact before their eyes. We want to believe in ourselves, but in ourselves as we are. Mr. Santayana also wants us to believe in ourselves; but he coldly points out that it is impossible for us to believe in ourselves as we are. Such a belief is not a belief at all. Belief, like all other good things, must be rational; it must square with the facts and have a repercussion upon actions; it must be a belief in a humane ideal, not in the jostling fragments of twenty incompatible ideals. Rationalize your

values, is his message. And if we can overcome our first reluctance, and find a moment's pause in the struggle to follow out the implications of his advice, the sense of a hostile coldness vanishes and we pass slowly into a clear and exhilarating air of the understanding, where the outlines of things are no longer lost in a circumambient mist and humanity is no longer a sentiment, but a discipline.

This clear air bathes Mr. Santayana's book on American character and opinion no less than his apparently more philosophical works. The reason is plain; Mr. Santayana has practised his precept, he has rationalized his values, his judgments have a standard and his vision a background. If it seems singular that he should securely employ the same perspective in examining America as he directs to the estimation of philosophies in "The Life of Reason," that is only an indication of our modern difficulty in conceiving a comprehensive attitude to life. We have learned to expect from our contemporaries scrappy judgments and unrelated impressions. We are quite accustomed to finding our men of science ethical barbarians, and our metaphysicians sentimentalists. This, we say, with a touch of pride in our voices, is an age of specialization; we might as well be proud of living in an age that gets things done. It does—but what things? But perhaps the greatest curse of the present age is the complacent acquiescence in specialization. In politics, in morality, in art, the left hand never knows what the right hand doeth, and we love to have it so. The specialist is the modern witch-doctor, and even the most enlightened of us, like Mr. Wells, bows to his ju-ju with no sense of shame. One of Mr. Santayana's great services to modern society and modern thought is that his writings are a clear and steady protest against this fetish of modern obscurantism.

Thus it is that his criticism of America can arouse no complacency in ourselves. We are implicitly condemned by the standards against which America is measured. It is not really comfortable for an Englishman to read this brilliant analysis of the discrepancy between profession and act in America:—

"What people have respected have been rather scraps of official philosophy, or entire systems, which they have inherited or imported, as they have respected operas and art museums. To be on speaking terms with these fine things was a part of social respectability, like having family silver. High thoughts must be at hand, like those candlesticks, probably candleless, sometimes displayed as a seemly ornament in a room blazing with electric light. Even in William James, spontaneous and stimulating as he was, a certain underlying discomfort was discernible; he had come out into the open, into what should have been the sunshine, but the vast shadow of the temple still stood between him and the sun. He was worried about what *ought* to be believed and the awful deprivations of disbelieving. What he called the cynical view of anything had first to be brushed aside, without stopping to consider whether it was not the true one; and he was bent on finding new and empirical reasons for clinging to free-will, departed spirits, and tutelary gods. Nobody, except perhaps in the last decade, has tried to bridge the chasm between what he believes in daily life and the 'problems' of philosophy. Nature and science have not been ignored, and 'practice' in some schools has been constantly referred to; but instead of supplying philosophy with its data they have only constituted its difficulties; its function has not been to build on known facts but to explain them away. Hence a curious alteration and irrelevance, as between weekdays and sabbaths, between American ways and American opinions."

Under a light so searching England will not look appreciably better than America, for the light radiates from the central point of Mr. Santayana's rationalization of human life. The inquiry has been already taken down to ultimates, and the chasm which reveals itself between the beliefs of daily life and those of religion and philosophy in America is not bridged in England. At best the irrelevance of British ways and opinions may be a little less obvious.

Indeed, throughout this book we are conscious that American character and opinion is merely a piece of the general texture of modern life in which the pattern happens to be more conspicuous. Not that the individuality of America is neglected or diminished—the chapters on the Academic Environment and on William James are masterly renderings of subtle American idiosyncrasies—but it is seen as a type of modern barbarism. Mr. Santayana does not use the word in his diagnosis, but we feel that it is being said by implication over and over again. Mr. Santayana is



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civilization, conscious of itself, and prepared for its responsibilities; and because we are aware of this we cease to wonder why he did not exchange the barbarism of Harvard College for the amenities of our own seats of learning. We differ in essentials from America only in that we have a little medieval architecture to cover our nakedness. For barbarism, in Mr. Santayana's view, consists precisely in that philosophy is permitted to be independent of the beliefs of daily life. In such a condition we can believe anything and do anything. It is curious, though perfectly natural, that this definition of barbarism should seem to us at first somewhat trivial. We feel that it does not vastly matter what philosophy is up to, for we have managed to trick philosophy away into a pigeon-hole with biology and psychological research on either side. Yes, murmurs Mr. Santayana, but that is because you do not even know what philosophy is, nor, it must be confessed, do your philosophers. Philosophy, if you remember, is the loving pursuit of wisdom, not of knowledge or facts or ultimate reality, but simply of wisdom; it is the science of the good life. He means morals, sniffs the modern anarchist. But Mr. Santayana does not mean merely morals, he means values. The only true philosophy is a philosophy of values, and its method is to investigate those things which human beings esteem as precious in their daily life, to separate incompatible ideals and delights, and to decide which will offer the most permanent and satisfying enjoyment.

Mr. Santayana devoted himself to this task in "The Life of Reason," which is the only modern book of philosophy worthy the name, for we can make no secret that we admire and agree with his attitude. We accept him as a champion and epitome of that true civilization, which is an active principle of life. The civilization which he represents is not an institution, but a spiritual possession, a principle of goodness and beauty by which we can direct our own activities and judge the activities of others. Above all, it is a principle of order and measure, infinitely precious in these days of chaos. Not that Mr. Santayana invented it. It is no diminution of his work to say that it is essentially a restatement of the Greek ideal. Some of those who have studied and appreciated the literature of the Greeks may have little to learn from him. But of how many can this be said? Nine out of ten professors of Greek nowadays are barbarians, and the vast majority of readers of Greek need Mr. Santayana to make them understand the import of what they read. But he has done far more than a mere work of exposition; he has shown that the Greek conception of life is completely adequate to modern experience. The principles of rational life which they bequeathed to the world are eternal, for they are organic and implanted in the nature of man. To accept man as he is, not rejecting him wholly as a beast as the cynics do, but to accept him with his limitations and aspirations, his animality and his instinctive, yet so often frustrated reverence for the things of the spirit, to envisage as the end of human life a joy that is enduring and rational, to realize that this can only be when we have squared our philosophy with the facts, and that these facts include not only cruelty, but the delight of self-sacrifice, the joy of beauty no less than the malice of ignorance—these are the foundations on which Mr. Santayana builds.

If his attitude of mind seems remote to us, it is not because it is visionary or unpractical, but because we live in an age that cares more about doing things than about discovering which things are worth doing. Among its more muddle-headed superstitions is the belief that to be detached is to be hostile and contemptuous: Mr. Santayana's detachment is neither; it is merely the condition of clear thinking. One who has striven so successfully as he to see life whole must needs stand a little further from it than most men. At the pinnacle of the humane virtues the Greek thinkers placed the virtue of contemplation. In Mr. Santayana it is also a culmination of an ordered human life. It sheds its illumination back over the process which it completes and justifies. His humanistic philosophy, unlike other philosophies, has a place for itself; it is comprehensive, harmonious, and persuasive. We could not believe in an advocate of the humanities who spoke barbarously; we can scarcely refuse our assent to one who, like Mr. Santayana, writes with the virile grace and measure which is the mark of his own ideal.

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"From the conquered districts came piteous reports of the hideous cruelties which Serb and Montenegrin alike were committing on the Albanian populations. Far from concealing their deeds, the conquerors boasted of them. A Serb officer nearly choked with laughter over his beer, as he told me how his men had bayoneted the women and children of Ljuma. And one of the Petrovitchs boasted to me that in two years no one in the conquered lands would dare speak 'that dirty language' (Albanian). Moslem men were given the choice of baptism or death, and shot down. The women were unveiled, and they and the children driven to church and baptized. 'In one generation we shall thus Serbize the lot!' they said."

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ship with its planks made of "the Wood of the True Cross":—

"That fair ship with her lateen sails,  
Her lateen sails so white,  
Sailed after many a hundred years  
Into Hans Memling's sight."

Mr. Gales seldom draws his inspiration from direct contact with life. The lives of the saints interest him more than his own. If there is a flaw in his work it is caused perhaps by this lack of attention to his personal experiences. It is as if he saw too much through other men's eyes and not often enough with his own. Speaking of the saints, who tasting blessedness become as little children, he says:—

"The Vision makes their holiday,  
The Perpetual Spring in which they play  
Like children gathering May-time buds;  
All day they plunder as they will  
Lilies o' the valley and violets still  
And little strawberries of the woods."

Lilies of the valley are not the sort of thing that a botanist would expect to find growing with wild strawberries. But it is not so much for his vision of this world as for his feeling about it, that we read Mr. Gales. He is not unlike one of his own saints, who

"Play all day with their Desire  
Their plaything that can never tire,  
Their never-wearying picture-book,  
The wonder-glass in which they look . . .  
Their Noah's ark that fears no weather  
Their puzzle now all put together. . .  
Their snowy lamb so sweet and meek  
Whose fleece is silk to a child's cheek,  
Their iridescent bubble that does not burst,  
Omega and Alpha, Last and First."

His religious faith and enjoyment of life are equally vigorous. It is his enjoyment, the delightedness with which it is filled, that makes his work so fresh and buoyant. It is his love of the simple realities of life that makes his faith so attractively gay:—

"Look kindly where poor people are,  
Mary of Homes, keep trouble far.

"Shelter beneath thy prayers' wings,  
Mary of Roses, all young things

"Keep children warm thro' winds and rains  
Of cold nights, Mary of Counterpanes.

"Send us high skies, blue days of air,  
Mary of Swallows, bless the air. . ."

This, the most directly personal poem in the book, is also the most charming, we think:—

"Pray for me as I ring thy chimes  
In my poor belfry, Mary of Rhymes."

Even when we feel, however, that we know the shape of Mr. Gales's picture frames almost too well, he seldom fails to awaken our accustomed sense to the sheer wonder of Christ's story as a series of picturesque events. It is always vivid and exciting to him:—

"Why is there such a dancing din  
About the stable of the Inn?"

he makes the other wayfarers ask on the night of the Nativity. To Botticelli the event appeared in just such stir and bustle. Mr. Gales is a Pre-Raphaelite in his love of crowds and color. His heavenly host is not a deathly affair of white robes and white clouds. All the beautiful finery of the earth is the material of his praises.

#### REVOLT!

**The Girl in Fancy Dress.** By J. E. BUCKROSE. Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d. net.)

**The Invisible Sun.** By BERTRAM MUNN. (Parsons. 7s. 6d. net.)

**"The Granite Hills"** By C. F. HEANLEY. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

ALL these novels deal in one way and another with young women's revolts, out of boredom, for personal ambition, from a desire to escape a particular environment, and so on, but in only one of them do we feel any meaning or purpose in the end achieved. Removed from any context, revolt is a stimulating and grandiose term, and with as much to it as other terms removed from their contexts. Miss Buckrose's study is a curious example of a novel which is all promise and very little performance. Cynthia is a young lady of

wealth, pride, beauty, and fancies, who, on coming to stay with the Walgroves, devoted believers in the power of the purse, is mistaken for their poor relation (owing to a motor accident and a change of clothes), due on the same day. Cynthia accepts her mistaken identity with relish, and plays the poor country mouse at first for fun and afterwards because she falls in love with Anthony, the son of the house. This is a happy situation, full both of dramatic and satiric promise, and, adroitly and delicately handled, capable of making a really witty and original novel with a strong critical background. What it demands, therefore, is, above all, good workmanship. But Miss Buckrose is often careless in her details of management. We should, too, have had less right to complain of being let down, if, in one or two detached scenes, she had not given us a taste of her quality.

We had thought that novels of the brand of "The Invisible Sun" had died of the war, that, miserable as is our condition, we were spared the half-baked idealization of egoism and self-indulgence. Our only hope is that a book like this is only the jetsam of the tide's melancholy, long, withdrawing roar. The story is of Joan, who bursts the trammels of her sister's home in Birmingham to come to London and seek her pleasure. There is a terrible person called Guy, who is responsible for this, playing on Joan's vanity by pseudo-scientific claptrap about "Mother Nature's" great purposes and the holy quest of the development of her ego. Arrived in London, Joan becomes a "Bohemian," and with a calendar on a wall of her flat "which gave you a fresh Bernard Shaw epigram every time you removed yesterday's date." That ought to shock the bourgeois!

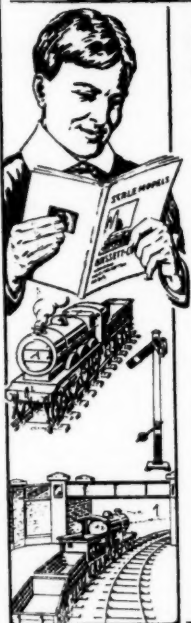
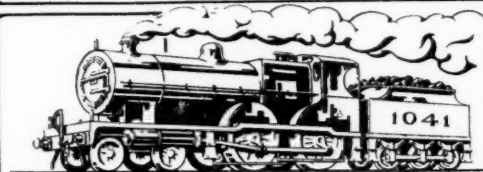
"The Granite Hills," though not in any way remarkable, achieves a genuine success by the care, feeling, and modesty with which its material is handled. It is a Cornish story of how Lilla Wilmot, the daughter of a genteel mother who cares for nothing but her garden and her family pride, marries a farmer's son (for want of a better) to escape from the monotony of an existence without work or interests. Her expectations of a freer life on young Trevalle's money are all falsified, and she becomes a country drudge, despised by the brutish, greedy, narrow family into which she marries, and with a husband who, finally, drinks himself into a paralysis. In such circumstances, she has a liaison with her novelist kinsman, unaware that he is already married, and with the wreck of her hope and love, returns to the farm to run it and nurse her dying husband. The book relates her redemption under the stimulus of hard work and responsibility, the winning of her neighbors' respect, and her refusal to marry Norgate upon the death of his wife, in her new-found intimacy with the Cornish moors and hills. Told in a quiet, unobtrusive way, there is a good deal of suggestive philosophy and shrewd estimation of character—especially the none too inviting Cornish character—in the book, and is, indeed, a model of how a novel in a minor key should be written. The craftsmanship responds admirably to the dignified temper and judgment of the book, and it is this general harmony of effect of which we are made chiefly conscious.

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## FEEDING THE HUNGRY

### The Military Authorities

at Cologne are supporting the Friends' Emergency Committee and War Victims' Relief Committee in the feeding of hungry Children, which has been undertaken at their request.

A beginning is being made with 5,000 or the neediest children at ten centres. As there are 10,000 TUBUCULAR CHILDREN alone, it is clear that a large increase in the numbers fed is imperative.

The average weight of a normal child at birth is between seven and eight pounds. Among the babies at Cologne were seen a little girl three months old—present weight only seven pounds—a boy aged two months—5 pounds 5 ounces—another, a girl six months old who weighs only 7 lbs.

Round Coblenz the American Army has seen the necessity of feeding the children and has done so. Also the French have opened Soup Kitchens in certain centres. We are now starting in the British area.

Ten per cent. of the children who have reached the age of six (at which age attendance at school is compulsory) are physically and mentally too backwards to commence. "In one school," writes an English worker from Frankfurt, "the master called up about a dozen anæmic under-sized boys for us to see, and there were tears in his eyes when he said: 'Every one of these will die of tubuculosis before he is twenty.'"

For this work, which is accomplishing so much for the removal of present hunger and distress and for the establishment of future goodwill, the German people themselves are contributing gifts.

### £30,000 IS WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

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## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

### THURSDAY.

THE position is developing in accordance with expectation. The fall in prices and the slump in business are accentuated day by day. The flood of new issues continues, and time after time a huge proportion of the issue is left on the underwriters' hands. The latter are embarrassed by the unwillingness of banks to advance on the security of their new stuff. This existence of masses of undigested shares is one cause of the heavy liquidation which has thrown the stock markets into deep deoression. Yesterday, indeed, there was some recovery in the House, and some relief may be afforded by the distribution of £50,000,000 in War Loan dividends. But hopes of more than a temporary check to liquidation are not too bright. Business minds are everywhere concentrated on the question of drastic public retrenchment, but the Prime Minister's glowing words on the subject at Tuesday's dinner of the Federation of British Industries gravely disappointed his audience, for behind the words appeared no sign of a policy to carry his professions of economy into effect. But the Commons seem at last to be awakening to a more critical attitude on this vital question. This week's issue of national accounts shows a rise of nearly £1,000,000 in the floating debt.

### GILT-EDGED YIELDS.

I have drawn up the following table to illustrate the depreciation that has taken place in British Government stocks during 1920, and how the yield obtainable on securities of this class has risen in the last eleven months:—

| Name of Security.<br>and<br>Issue Price. | Year<br>of<br>Maturity. | Prices<br>End of |       | Yields<br>End of |          |
|--|-------------------------|------------------|-------|------------------|----------|
|  |                         | 1919.            | 1920. | 1919.            | 1920.    |
| 24% Consols                              | —                       | 51               | 44    | 4 15-16          | 5 11-16  |
| 34% War Loan (95)                        | 1925-28                 | 86               | 83    | 5½               | 6 7-16   |
| 5% War Loan (95)                         | 1929-47                 | 91½              | 83½   | 5½               | 6 5-16   |
| 4% War Loan (100)                        | 1929-42                 | 100½             | 83    | 3 15-16†         | 4½†      |
| 4% Funding Loan (80)                     | 1960-90                 | 76               | 66½   | 5½               | 6½       |
| 4% Victory Bonds (85)...                 | By ann.<br>dwgs.        | 90½              | 73½   | 5½               | 5 7-16†  |
| 5% Nat. War Bonds (100)                  | Oct. 1, 1922,<br>at 102 | 98½              | 98    | 6 5-16           | 7½       |
| 4% do. (100)                             | Oct. 1, 1927,<br>at par | 98½              | 94½   | 4 5-16†          | 4 15-16† |
| 5% Exchequer Bonds (100)                 | Oct. 5, 1921.           | 98               | 98½   | 6½               | 6½       |
| 3% Local Loans                           | —                       | 55½              | 50½   | 5 5-16           | 5 15-16  |
| 24% Lon. County Council                  | —                       | 46               | 42    | 5½               | 5 15-16  |
| 3% Met. Water Bd. "B."                   | 1934-2003               | 55               | 50    | 6                | 6½       |
| 4% Port of London "B."                   | 1929-1939               | 70               | 63½   | 6 1-16           | 6½       |

† Free of Income Tax.

‡ No allowance made for profit on redemption.

National War Bonds are accepted at their nominal value for payment of death duties and excess profits duty; and Victory Bonds for payment of death duties may similarly be tendered. Except in the case of Victory Bonds where redemption depends on the luck of the annual draw, profit on redemption is taken into account in calculating the yield. Every security in the list has fallen seriously in price, and in most cases the rise in the yield has also been enhanced by the nearer approach of the redemption date.

### THE P. & O. ACCOUNTS.

P. & O. Deferred shares received, in respect of the year ended September 30th, a dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. as compared with 12 per cent. for the previous year. How real net profits compared with the previous year it is not possible to say. It would indeed be difficult to produce any instance of company accounts which more completely baffle the investor in his attempts to discover what the real financial position is. For 1918-1919 the profit and loss account showed "net result after providing for depreciation, &c., and adding £500,000 to the Reserve Fund, £450,000 to the Contingent Fund, and £50,000 to the Provident Good Service Fund" as £614,584. The latest profit and loss account simply shows "net result after allowing for depreciation" as £710,430. The text of the report throws little fresh light on the matter by saying:—"After allowing for depreciation and making an allocation to the insurance fund which with the net premium received during the year, after meeting all claims, will then stand at £2,500,000, there is a credit balance on the year's accounts, including £115,230 brought forward from last year, of £772,607." The balance sheet is still more baffling. The whole of the assets of every sort and kind is lumped into one item, the total value of

which is estimated at £22,593,549. This "portmanteau item" method makes it utterly useless for the investor to try and get an idea of the true position. During the war there may have been reasons why shipping companies should make their accounts uninformative. Surely those reasons have passed away now? The P. & O. is a famous company, and those who invest in its securities must do so entirely on the strength of past records and the known competence of the management. But the danger of the issue of uninformative accounts by a company of such eminence is that it sets a fashion which will be followed and taken advantage of by far less eminent or reputable concerns, some of which perhaps may have good reasons for welcoming the chance of hiding their true position. Most unfortunately, there seems to be a tendency towards reticence in company balance-sheets. This tendency, which investors should resent, will only be corrected if the most prominent companies set the fashion of making their accounts informative. Someone who has both financial knowledge and leisure time might do a good service to the investing public by founding an association for the purpose of demanding clearer balance sheets.

### COTTON PROFITS.

J. & P. Coats, the great thread manufacturers, in the report for the year ending June 30th last, disclose profits in excess even of the huge figures for the previous year, the comparison being £4,164,894 against £3,995,149. These figures represent "net profit after depreciation." But ordinary capital has been raised from £4,500,000 to £14,750,000. On this larger capital this year's distribution is at the rate of 17½ per cent., while a year ago ordinary shareholders received 40 per cent. and a bonus share for every share held. The balance-sheet shows "stocks of goods and stores" at £7,357,878, but against the depreciation in this item which the present position threatens there exists a contingencies fund which, after the addition of the latest allocations, will reach £3,000,000, and the balance-sheet gives evidence of a strong position. Another interesting textile company report appearing this week is that of the Amalgamated Cotton Mills Trust, a concern which was floated in 1918, and now has an issued capital of £7,250,000, having made three large issues during the present year. The Trust holds the share capital of a number of well-known cotton mills, including Horrocks, Crewdson & Co. Extension of interests was in full swing during the year ended October 31st—the period covered by the latest report—and the profits of several subsidiaries recently acquired were only available for a portion of the period. Nevertheless the Trust earned a net profit of £778,589. In March an ordinary dividend of 3s. per share was paid on the 1,000,000 ordinary shares existing at that date, and a final dividend of 1s. 6d. per share is now to be distributed on the 4,650,000 ordinary shares now issued. The companies which the Trust controls have an interesting scheme for enabling employees who can save money to benefit from the prosperity of their employers. The report says: "The Boards of the various companies have . . . made arrangements to receive loan money from employees up to a maximum of £250 per employee, at a rate of interest equivalent to the ordinary dividends paid by this Company, provided such deposit shall have been with the Company for a full year, with a minimum rate of 5 per cent. per annum free of income-tax."

### REPORTS AND NEW ISSUES.

British Cellulose has made a poor start, recording a loss of £237,000. The report of De Beers shows a big improvement, and the deferred shares receive a 60s. dividend, against 40s. a year ago. As regards new issues, I would once more impress upon the small investor the necessity for extreme caution in the present circumstances. Note issues for the most part are entirely unsuitable for him, and he should at this juncture invest in no new security without ascertaining first of all (1) that he is secured by a very wide margin on assets specifically allocated for his security; (2) that sounder investments cannot be obtained on as good terms on the Stock Exchange. The circumstances of the moment emphatically demand a wary and sceptical attitude.

L. J. R.



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